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THE MIRROR

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A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

The Mirror

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"GOOD NIGHT"

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE issue of the *Valley Magazine*, for January, appeared Wednesday, the 14th. Regular readers of the publication will find it more attractive than its predecessors. Five cents per copy. Fifty cents per year. All newsdealers.

WILLIAM JOEL STONE

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

MUCH hullabaloo has been and is being raised over the selection of William Joel Stone to succeed George G. Vest as Senator from Missouri. Mr. Stone was unfairly attacked. Nothing was urged against his fitness until the last moment, when he had practically no chance to defend himself. He stumped the State for months as an avowed candidate. One rival after another withdrew from the contest and left him a free field. While he was campaigning for the office no charge was made against him. Only when the Senators and Representatives had been elected and pledged to him did the battle begin against him, and quite a nasty fight it was, too. That it failed to stampede the caucus must be a matter of rejoicing to all fair-minded men. It is good to know, too, that in all Missouri, no Democrat could be found willing to go forward and try to take the toga Stone had fairly won, on the strength of the ugly fight that was waged against him. The time to have beaten Stone was when Stone was before the people, but those who wanted to beat Stone did not want to defeat the party, though they now proclaim that he won solely because of a perverted sense of party loyalty. It is being said now that Stone is "too small for the job." That remains to be seen. The same charge was made against Vest when he first ran for the Senate, and now Vest is "the little giant." In the opinion of the MIRROR, Senator Stone will be found to be worthy of the place he has attained. He is a man of ability, and if he is "only a gumshoe politician" now, we must remember that before now, politicians, who are mostly "gumshoes," have become eminent statesmen. Mr. Stone is not a great orator, but he can make a fine speech. He is not deficient in diplomacy, and work is done in the Senate, in these days, by diplomacy and compromises rather than by orations. Mr. Stone will be found to be, in the near future, a Democratic leader in the Senate. His methods in the past may have been open to criticism, but has there not been a general drop in the character of political methods, due not to leading politicians any more than to general conditions? Judging Mr. Stone by all the tests of the "historical method," it is safe to say that he is able and clean, according to the contemporary average of such things. And, furthermore, most of what we have read about Stone was printed *ex parte* and colored, consciously or unconsciously, to accomplish his defeat. If the MIRROR disliked Mr. Stone much more than it does, it would still feel called upon to say in fairness that it would be well to give Mr. Stone a chance to do something before we assert that he is "too small for his job." He made a good Congressman, he was a fairly good Governor, he is a good lawyer, and he has won out in politics against powerful opposing interests and without much money at his disposal. These things show that he is far from being an accident. He "got there" on something more than a "gumshoe sneak," although the only fight upon him was itself of the nature of a "gumshoe sneak." There were able and popular candidates against Mr. Stone when he entered the field. Not one of them, with any possible chance of winning, stayed to the finish. There were able politicians and powerful newspapers

and colossal corporations against him. They failed to beat him by all the tricks they knew. A man who has beaten such a combination is not going to be lost in the Senate. He has the real stuff in him, and it will assert itself. Missouri will some day be as proud of Stone as she is to-day of Cockrell and Vest.



REFLECTIONS

Dirty Politics

HOWEVER the muddle over the St. Louis post-mastership may end, all citizens will be grateful for the termination of a noisome incident. The accusations against the incumbent were of a character to disgust people by their suggestion of impotency aspiring to action. The story was published abroad in the country, and, taken in conjunction with similar stories of nastiness in relation to almost every other Federal office, must have helped create an impression that this city is the most immoral of all the great municipalities. There is enough filth on file in the various Washington departments in relation to occupants of and aspirants for Federal positions in St. Louis to furnish with salacious plots a dozen novelists of the G. W. M. Reynolds type. One might think from the quality of the matter filed against Republican office-holders and office-seekers, that in their factional fights, the members of that party use private detectives and spotters as chief factors in their machines. It seems that no Republican of local importance could go anywhere or do anything, day or night, without a sleuth on his trail, and that nothing was too dastardly or debased to charge against anyone. The case against Postmaster Baumhoff was the cap-sheaf. As printed it read not unlike Mr. W. T. Staud's famous *Pall-Mall Gazette* exposure of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," and the sliminess of it was intensified by the silliness of its alleged misfeasances. All the malicious salacity of the charges against four or five other Federal incumbents or aspirants was increased to the *nth* power against Baumhoff, and it is no wonder that some one at Washington is reported to have asked, "Why don't the police of St. Louis raid the Federal building?" It is all over now—let us hope. The display of personal and partisan rancor and meanness has given St. Louis a bad standing at the Capital. The showing of personal sexual delinquencies has made it seem that St. Louis officialdom, or, for that matter, St. Louis business men and politicians generally, have no more morality than a rabbit. There is no nastier politics anywhere than has been exhibited in the fight for Federal offices in St. Louis and the city may well feel relief over the announcement that the fight is done with for good. The MIRROR does not say that anyone charged with moral obliquity in the fight was guilty, but wishes only to comment upon the nature of the persons who concerted political warfare by methods savoring of the panel-worker and the blackmailer. The thing was overdone. There was too much of it to be all true. Much of the foulness must have had its origin in the minds and hearts of those who organized the campaign of the sex-scandal against the various men in office in the Custom House or those who wished to get in those offices.

The Mirror

The World's Fair Leit Motif

THE World's Fair works seem to have settled down to the inevitable direction of a very few men. The individualist effort to hold out against the Moguls appears to have ceased with the suppression of Sculptor Ruckstuhl, who thought he knew something of his art, but found out he did not, when he bucked up against the hyperæstheticism of the bosses who had learned æsthetics in the grain-pit or the plumbing shop. But who says this is not as it should be? Is this not an age of commercialism and centralization? Art? What's art? The money talks. Cop the cash, and you're all the cheese. "The bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius." So said the poet, and he was right. "The coin" outlasts everything. And the World's Fair is going to be a glorification of our commercial greatness—of "the coin," in other words. That's the real spirit of the age. What's the use fighting it? Let us all submit, abandon our ideals and ideas of a dream city for the Fair; get out and hustle; get into every "good thing" going and get "the long green."



Building Reform

Two years ago, the Legislature of New York passed a building law which contained stringent provisions regarding the architecture and sanitation of tenement buildings. This law has since given rise to a good deal of complaint in quarters where fossilism and greed are permanent fixtures. And in response to this complaint, Governor Odell has recently suggested that the law be amended so as to remove every objectionable feature. Well-informed people believe that the gubernatorial suggestion will be followed, notwithstanding the fact that the new law has led to marked changes for the better in the tenement section of Greater New York. The buildings put up in accordance with the requirements of the law of 1901 are all in strong demand, and renting at good prices. Contrary to the expectations of skeptics, the lower classes of the population are willing to pay good rent for good houses, where care has been taken to provide for the comfort, cleanliness and health of families. The unprejudiced and more progressive builders strongly endorse the new law. They assert that the new houses are rented even before they are completed. There is evidence of gain from every standpoint. The tenement-dwellers, who live in better, cleaner and more sanitary houses, are benefited in a social, economic and moral way. They are transformed into better citizens. They learn to appreciate the value of pleasant surroundings and of cleanliness. In view of this, the passage of the proposed amendment to the building law would be nothing less than a step backward. If there is anything that deserves special encouragement in the administration of municipal governments, it is plans to abolish the filth, miseries and physical and moral dangers of our urban slums. For there is the hot-bed of disease, crime, ignorance and moral degradation. Abolish the slums, and you have removed one of the most repulsive sores of modern city life.



The Tingley Case

THE evidence produced at the late trial of the Tingley-Times libel case at San Diego, Cal., bordered on the sensational. Some of it was infinitely disgusting. Mrs. Tingley, the self-styled successor of Madame Blavatsky, had a good many witnesses in her favor, and was represented by distinguished counsel, but she failed to convince the popular mind that there was no basis for the charges that the tyrannical theosophist had starved little children and imprisoned them in padded cells, and that the walls of her institution were hiding scenes of gross and revolting

immorality. A reading of the testimony produced at the trial is enough to stagger the minds of sensible people. It is hard to believe that, in this enlightened age, persons may still be found who will blindly adopt the teachings of a charlatan like Mrs. Tingley, and unhesitatingly follow every one of her dictatorial behests. It was proved at the trial that her followers were not allowed to enter into any sort of conversation without her consent; that she committed innumerable acts of brutality in the treatment of helpless children and invalids, and generally assumed the prerogatives of an autocrat of unlimited power. The disclosures in this case should give people afflicted with idiosyncrasies an instructive idea of the humbug involved in these modern religious fads. Fakirs like Mrs. Tingley and 'Lige Dowie could not thrive but for the ignorance and craziness of their dupes.



Tempora Mutantur

RUSSIA has had the temerity to send warships through the Dardanelles, and England is now filing a protest with Abdul Hamid. The latter, it is fair to presume, will consign the solemn document to his capacious and well-filled waste-paper basket. Abdul cannot be scared any more with rubbish of that kind. He has had an extensive experience with protests and ultimatums, and knows by this time that they are, as a rule, not worth the paper on which they are written. England is not anxious, at present, to do more than protesting. These are not the glorious days of Lord Beaconsfield. England has too many irons in the fire to indulge in the luxury of "throwing fits" over the passage of a few Russian warships through the Dardanelles. The best it can do is to follow Russia's example.



Modern Christianity

A DETROIT capitalist declared, the other day, that "we are worse than the Jews in Christ's time. They had blindly followed custom. We have had the light for nearly two thousand years, and we are no nearer the kingdom of Christ on earth than we were at his birth." Talk of this kind is getting to be quite the fashion. At the basis of it lies the belief that mankind has not only ceased to progress towards a realization of true Christian ideals, but is actually in a state of retrogression. Is this belief well-based? By no means. In spite of all the wrongs which Christian civilization has been, and still is, making itself guilty of, there is ample evidence to prove that it is still progressing. The very fact that there are so many who bewail its modern excrescences shows that the spirit of Christ continues to be with us. During the last two thousand years, Christianity has seen many ups and downs. Empires and kingdoms have come and gone, but the Christian ideals are alive to-day as they were at any time since He walked on earth. Anybody who has made a close study of the history of the early Christian ages, knows that civilized mankind has passed many milestones since then on the road that leads to perfection. It is nonsensical to maintain that the world is no better to-day than it was when the Divine Child was born at Bethlehem. The first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans constitutes an unanswerable argument in refutation of the statement that the Christian world of the present time is deteriorating in its sense of morality. We all know that we are still immeasurably below the ethical standard preached by the Man of Sorrows, but we also know that we are still progressing and still clinging to true Christian ideals. At times we falter, we stumble and even go astray, but we always find our way back again to the right path that is so narrow and so difficult of ascent. There is

absolutely no reason to despair of Christianity and its present condition. It is making the world better and kinder right along. If it were in the sere and yellow leaf, the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration would never have been established, nor would Father Damien have sacrificed himself for his lepers on the Island of Molokai.



Diminishing Professorial Profits

THE legal profession has fallen upon evil days. It is overcrowded and suffering from a centralization of business. The struggle for the young practitioner increases in severity. Out of the average hundred of students who graduate from the many law schools every year there are only a few who really succeed. The others generally drift into clerkships or become the hirelings of the prominent firms who are now monopolizing the lion's share of legal business. The old prosperous days have vanished away and will return no more. Things have changed very materially since the time when any intelligent, ambitious young fellow could make his way at the bar. It requires influence, capital and prestige, these days, to get a good foothold in the profession. The average young man who is not endowed with these prerequisites should leave Blackstone's Commentaries alone and try to make his mark in life in another direction. The centralizing tendency in business naturally intensifies the aggravating position in which independent practitioners find themselves. The great trusts of the present day have all their own legal department, or patronize such firms only as are composed of men of great reputation in the legal profession. And these firms become employers of lawyers who have not the means to engage in practice of their own, or failed in it, after a trial of months, or, perhaps, years, during which they lived a dog's life in desperate efforts to keep body and soul together. Mr. Brisbane Walker, in a late number of the *Cosmopolitan*, makes the statement that there are law firms which have on their rolls more than "a hundred persons, of whom one-half have been admitted to practice. Three or four names only are known to the public, and these reap the fees of success. The others are, to all intents and purposes, clerks, drawing not even high salaries, because the universities are turning out lawyers in such endless profusion; the supply so far exceeds the demand that many able men are compelled to take these underpaid positions." That legal business is decreasing cannot be doubted. Court dockets prove it. A simplification of business methods, and a growing desire to avoid all unnecessary litigation have produced a class of lawyers which confines itself to the giving of reliable advice as to how to avoid suits or to arrive at satisfactory settlements. The great commercial, manufacturing and financial corporations of to-day are not anxious to go into litigation. They know too well that litigation involves lots of expense and a waste of precious time. And so they have their counsellors, whose duty it is to prevent suits and to explain the statutes and rules of law. Trust and title guaranty companies are likewise working towards a reduction in legal business. They have deprived the conveyancer and title examiner, who used to play such an important role, years ago, of most of his business and income. The growth of insurance must be regarded as an additional cause of the law's decay. Insurance against blackmailing or unjustifiable legal proceedings is becoming quite a feature of modern business. Doctors, to take only one example, are now being insured against suits for malpractice. Among other reasons for the decreasing profits of the legal profession may be mentioned the introduction of more simple methods of conveyance of real and personal property, and the better knowledge which people possess nowadays of legal principles and formalities. The constant spread

of education is necessarily inimical to the interests of lawyers, for the fees of the latter and of the courts as well are, as a rule, paid by persons who have either been ignorant of their own rights or those of others. A good acquaintance with the principles of the law prevents many a suit, and, this being the case, it is incumbent upon Government to bring those principles, as incorporated in the statutes and decisions of the courts, within the mental grasp of every citizen of ordinary intelligence.



Selfish Interests

MR. OXNARD is authority for the statement that the American Beet Sugar Association has withdrawn all opposition to the Cuban reciprocity treaty, but that it will insist upon the adoption of an amendment providing that the twenty per cent reduction in import duties on Cuban sugar shall remain unchanged for the five years' life of the treaty. The association, we are told, will at the same time demand an abandonment of plans favoring a seventy-five per cent reduction in duties on sugar and tobacco imported from the Philippine islands. From this it must be inferred that the beet sugar interests decided to permit of the passage of the Cuban treaty only after having been assured that there will be no lowering of tariff duties on Philippine products. In the face of such a *quid pro quo*, there does not seem to be any special reason for jubilation at the prospect of a speedy passage of the Cuban treaty. The beet sugar men, who must be presumed to be closely identified with Havemeyer's Sugar Trust, could not be expected to make a concession of this kind without receiving another one in return. They were shrewd enough, in their *pourparlers* with Congress, to demand that all possibility of a further reduction in duties on Cuban sugar during the coming five years be removed, and that the door remain shut for the Filipinos. Dickering and bargainings of this kind are not calculated to enhance our admiration for protective tariffs or our respect for log-rolling protected interests. Why should the latter be allowed such a potent influence in the shaping of legislation? Why should they be permitted to dictate to Congress and to override the wishes and interests of the people? It is a pity that President Roosevelt's well-meaning purposes should constantly be thwarted by such sordid-minded people, whose avariciousness knows neither honor nor patriotism.



Dress Reform

AND now for reform in man's dress! Mrs. Daniel M. Lord, of Chicago, has taken up the cause of the lord of creation with a noble, infective enthusiasm. In addressing her club, the other day, she declared that modern man should adopt the Rembrandt style of dressing the hair, and the lace neckwear and knee breeches of the times of Thomas Jefferson. Incidentally, Mrs. Lord condescended to inform her auditors that her husband has already become a zealous supporter of the new movement. It is to be presumed that his lower extremities, vulgarly known as "legs," are strictly presentable and *comme il faut*, and that his devoted, reform-thirsty spouse is no longer willing to have them hid by hideous pantaloons. Mrs. Lord appears to have an eye for beauty as well as for art. She longs for a revelation of the human form divine. Woman has abandoned the horrid bustle, the tight corset, the crinoline and various other things which, in the course of the last century, constituted a source of terror, of vexation, and, at times, of numerous difficulties to the helpless male. At the present time, her fashions of dress delight the masculine eye. They tend to silhouette her graceful form; they intimate, they attract, they provoke. Skirts are contracting in

width; corsets diminishing and loosening, and hats assuming a more sensible and more artistic shape and trimming, and the admiring male looks on and is prone to applaud a reform movement that promises to increase the multitude of his mundane pleasures. And, at the same time, he continues to swear at baggy trousers, microbe protecting hats, agony producing collars and shirts, and to long for the day when Mrs. Lord's fondest dreams shall become a tangible reality. Masculine dress reform deserves encouragement, even if it is not much in favor with those men whom Nature has endowed with superlatively generous proportions, or with legs that forcibly remind us of the rotundity of the globe. It is said that Governor Hogg, of Texas, is the most bitterly opposed to knee breeches. His recent debut at the Court of St. James utterly failed to convince him of the necessity of reform. Knee breeches, wigs and lace have no longer any attraction for him. His friends do not blame him for his lack of enthusiasm for the reform movement. They think that there is nothing of the divine in his *Falstaffian physique*, any more than there is in that of Grover Cleveland.



Emma Calvé's Love Affair

THE lusciously beautiful Calvé is about to take unto herself a husband. All Paris is talking of the affair, both she and her fiancé being extremely popular. The latter, whose name is Bois, is a well-known literary writer, and an intimate friend of Camille Flammarion. He is said to be quite a cynic in his views of feminine nature and inclined to believe, like Balzac did, that virtue is an imbecility. His cynical mind does not prevent him, however, from being deeply infatuated with the woman of his choice. Both are dabbling in the occult sciences and philosophies. Spiritualism, it is intimated, has a strong hold upon them. Bois is the author of "Satanism and Magic," which he wrote, some years ago, in conjunction with Joris Karl Huysmans, the bizarre author of "La Bas," and who has since become a layman in the order of Benedictines. In view of the fact that prominent people of Parisian society have reintroduced the ancient cult of Isis, the occult proclivities of Emma Calvé and her fiancé will not cause any particular astonishment.



Booming Free Trade

THE mole-eyed coal Moguls give protectionists no end of worry these days. Their high-handed, tyrannical methods constitute the most powerful and the most logical argument in favor of free trade that could possibly be made. Economic truths are not, as a rule, grasped by the mind of the average man until they come in direct and immediate contact with his pocketbook. When a coal trust, that is sheltered by protection, is asking from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a ton for its product, and, thereby, causing an infinite amount of suffering among the poor classes of the people, the merits of the free trade idea cease to be of merely academical interest. An attempt to monopolize articles of food led to the establishment of free trade in England. And the monopolizing of fuel and some other commodities may yet prove the downfall of the *régime* of protection in the United States.



Quick Action Necessary

CONGRESS should not delay in passing Senator Lodge's Philippine currency bill. Advices from Manila, and the late annual report of Governor Taft leave no doubt that the economic conditions in the archipelago are such that prompt and intelligent action

must at once be taken, if a prolongation of the prevailing commercial depression, and an outbreak of grave disturbances are to be avoided. The merchants of Manila are a unit in declaring that there can be no economic improvement until something has been done to put the monetary system of the islands on a stable basis. The depression in the value of silver has seriously reduced the purchasing power of the people and upset all trade relations with foreign countries. The Lodge bill may not be perfect in all its provisions, but it represents the best that, it seems, can be had at the present time. Our responsibilities to the Filipinos are great, especially since there can be no longer any doubt that peace has been restored. The people are willing to await a redemption of American promises to do everything to hasten the approach of better economic conditions, and it would be bad policy to disappoint them by letting things drift along as they are now doing. By giving the Filipinos proof of our sincere desire to help them in every possible way, we will strengthen their feeling of loyalty and love and respect for the flag.



ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

YESTERDAY morning, at sunrise, five miles from a human habitation, alone, except for the motionless pony upon which I sat, I realized for the first time "the absolute silence" and the utter isolation. It has been said that in the Redwood forests of California, as nowhere else in the world, can be found that final stillness which affrights the ear, that ultimate fixity and poise of inanimate nature which seems as if the world must have stopped its revolutions, as if it had paused inert upon its orbit, as if, at last, it had ceased to be the sentient mother of all life and lay in the endless sleep.

But there is never a time that one cannot hear the faint, far murmurings of the breeze above and beyond the towering masts of that forest; seldom a minute passes that some dead twig does not come hurtling down from some remote arch, rattling long echoes through the voiceless aisles and scaring the lurking creatures of the wilds into sound and motion. A boulder, set loose upon some declivity, will wake a thousands reverberations and the footfall of the stealthiest beast will crackle upon the twigs and dead leaves to remind one that the world is not yet pulseless.

But here, on the mighty reaches of the Staked Plains, on a breezeless morning like this, there is no motion, not even the "sound so slight that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." The short grass, curled close and fine to the floor of the plains, is noiseless as a velvet carpet. Not a fence, not a tree, not a telegraph pole or wire, not a bush, not even a cactus, breaks the smooth and horizon-touching surface of this dun, dead ocean. The turquoise sky is unflecked and innocent of cloud or haze, but in the east, low down, where the brazen sun is just rising, there is a diminishing halo of pearl-pink light upon the blue. I have heard and read of the utter sense of pitiful desolation that comes upon the man alone in a small boat on the bosom of the high sea. But he at least can listen to the roar of the surges, the groan of his vessel struggling with the waters, the myriad voices of the deeps.

Of course there are days here when the north wind comes down from the fierce latitudes whistling impotently across the plains, but now there is no wind, no cloud, no snow. The motionless air is pungent and exhilarating. Each breath one draws makes the blood

tingle and the eye brighten. In the cold gray before dawn the breath of your nostrils does not change to vapor upon the dry, sharp air. It does not make frost upon your beard, nor start the tears. But when the sun comes slanting across the immeasurable vista, casting no shadows, bathing the whole world with warm, white light, you know that you are indeed upon the top of the world, and a sense of the indescribable pleasure of mere living comes upon you like a message from the Maker.

A thirty-mile ride across these plains will bring me to one of the ranch houses of the famous X. I. T. ranch, a three million acre cattle farm which, within the past five years, has transformed the methods and achievements of the true cattlemen of the Southwest. Already, in the vicinity of the Rock Island and the Santa Fe railroads, the eventless reaches of the Panhandle are being rapidly transformed and transfigured. It has been found that this mighty domain, long known of ranchmen and herders as the "short grass country," has a deep, rich and inexhaustible soil that was millions of years in decomposing and will yield perpetually every species of fodder crops that have been recently introduced into the arid and semi-arid regions of the West.

The Farwell ranch alone has built over 1,500 miles of barbed wire fence, and every year new companies are setting up wells and headquarters for the breeding and feeding of high-grade cattle. It is not a country for the small farmer nor for the homesteader and emigrant without means, but for the experienced stock-breeder who has sufficient means to sink adequate wells for the maintenance of his herds, and who will supplement the native growth of wild grasses with the cultivated, drouth-resisting fodder plants adaptable to the region, it is, beyond doubt, the ideal cattle country of the whole United States.

Stock farmers who have been here for a period of five years and less have been astonished at the results which have attended their young orchards and vineyards. Strawberries, cherries, and many small fruits, which were once supposed to be alien to all the highlands of the Panhandle, not only thrive without irrigation, but equal in flavor and appearance the best products of the older States in the lower altitudes.

And there is a winsome attractiveness about the widely scattered ranch-houses of this thinly settled empire which is peculiarly unique. I came, this afternoon, after a long hard ride across the brown emptiness of a great fenceless range, to the beautiful home of the foreman. Splendid rows of apple and peach trees; smooth lawns, dried up now, but with the crisp, sweep odor of well cured grass; pretty outbuildings, white painted fences, children romping out-doors all day long; wondrous pigs of prize winning fame, sleek, black Angus cattle, plump pullets and all the homely glories of a perfect rural home founded and upbuilt here in what was a wilderness until within the past few years. The very contrast of the range desolation with the cozy thrift and domesticity of the distant homes adds piquance and charm to the latter.

And yet, so enormous is the acreage comprised in this salubrious plateau that the advances of the pioneer cattlemen and settlers have scarcely made themselves apparent to the casual tourist or visitor. To have an appreciation of the real and intangible splendors of the region, to forecast, with any sense of proportion, the ultimate possibilities of its development, is impossible without leaving the seldom railroad stations to gallop with the cowboys from headquarters to headquarters, and to know at first hand the freedom, the inspiration, the consciousness of strenuous living that comes to the man in the saddle, riding in the sunlight on the roof of the sphere.

FRANCE'S GIGANTIC SWINDLE

BY RUFUS ALLISON.

THE leading topic of discussion in the papers of Paris, at present, is the Humbert scandal. It would appear as though the destinies of France were depending on the outcome of the coming examinations and trials. On the stock exchange, in the theaters, clubs and cafés, everybody is commenting on the affair and indulging in conjectures as to the number of prominent politicians, financiers and littérateurs that appear to be implicated in it. The anti-religious campaign, the troubles in South Africa and Morocco, the financial operations of M. Rouvier, the Fiscal Minister, and the proceedings on the coast of Venezuela have lost their attractions and are no longer uppermost in the feverish, sensation-loving minds of Frenchmen. The Humberts, who were recently captured in Madrid, are now confined in the Conciergerie, the famous prison in which Marie Antoinette suffered for so many months preceding her death on the guillotine, and the object of a curious amount of morbid curiosity.

The most interesting of the prisoners is, of course, Therese Humbert, who has been the head and front of the gigantic swindle of many years' standing. The Paris correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says she is a woman of forty-seven, stout and of only medium stature, with full cheeks and colorless, lack-lustre skin, with protruding black eyes, and black hair, brushed high up from a low and narrow forehead. Her hands are small and dimpled and constantly in graceful motion, which lends almost a charm to her otherwise common person. Usually, there is an air of devouring activity and irrepressible energy about her movements.

The history of this woman is one of almost Dumasian romanticism and adventures. When a mere girl (known as Therese Daurignac, Humbert being her husband's name), she learned that she could raise money on the strength of her stories. The Toulouse merchants gave her credit for a trousseau, when she told them of her approaching marriage with a young man of Bordeaux. They soon learned, however, that the young man had no existence outside of her imagination, and they forced her father to sell his farm to pay his daughter's debts.

The family had long been telling stories of an inheritance that would some day be bequeathed to them. Perhaps they had real expectations. One of the points on which curiosity now demands to be satisfied is precisely this: Was there at the beginning a foundation for the stories of Therese about property coming to her?

After her first escapade, the Daurignacs took up their abode in the city of Toulouse, with Therese in charge of the house, her mother being dead. She repeatedly showed government bonds of considerable amounts to gain credit for household expenses; she had some reason why money could not be realized directly on the securities for the time being. These bonds came from her father, who was always repeating: "We shall some day be rich!" They crop up again and again in her career, and, in later years, practised financial agents examined what they still maintain were valid government bonds for large amounts, safe-deposited in the fireproof safe to which she appealed as security for her immense loans.

The father had already persuaded one of his neighbors that there was money coming to his family. This was Gustave Humbert, a Senator of the new Republic. This persuasion of money sure to come to the Daurignacs is the only explanation of the three successive marriages: Therese, with Frederic Hum-

bert, the Senator's only son; Emile Daurignac, with Alice Humbert, the Senator's only daughter, and a nephew, Humbert, now dead, with another Daurignac girl. A local tradition of Toulouse, not baseless, but without proof, assigns the stocks and bonds of Therese to the sequestration of an unclaimed inheritance, which Senator Humbert's position enabled him to make.

The strange relations existing between Senator Humbert, a dignified law professor, and Therese, the under-educated daughter of a bankrupt farmer, are vital in the case. He seems to have been dominated by her from the beginning; if he was not her knowing and willing accomplice, then he must have been hypnotized by her out of his common sense. The Senator's widow, a country woman, with no ambition except to serve her husband faithfully, is now making vigorous efforts to defend his memory from reproach. To those who object to the countenance which he gave to the inventions of Therese, she answers, firmly, and invariably: "You do not know what a woman my daughter-in-law is." And she has the same answer to excuse her son, Frederic, who must be presumed to have known of the criminal swindle and operations of his wife and to have assisted her in the end.

When the marriage took place, the inheritance was to come to Therese from her godmother, an old woman, with orange orchards near Tarbes. This was the story told by the Senator to his colleague, Constans, who was afterwards the Prime Minister that brought about the downfall of General Boulanger. Senator Constans now maintains that he ridiculed the story, even then, to the elder Humbert's disgust.

After the marriage the young couple went to live in Paris, near the Senator. Therese, living modestly, almost meanly, began borrowing on the strength of her inheritance. The Senator gave her his support, although she now said, and he repeated after her, that the inheritance was coming, no longer from the godmother, but from a rich Portuguese, who had been a friend of Therese's mother. This openly hinted dishonor of a mother is one of the shocks which the story has in reserve for persons still sensitive where morality is concerned.

The Paris merchant, who made the first considerable loan (some 25,000 francs) based the credit he gave on the reputation and character of Senator Humbert. When the story of a delay in realizing the inheritance became a pretext for not paying him, he soon made up his mind. "There are no rich Portuguese," he said, plumply. With great difficulty he recovered his money. Old man Daurignac had already tried to placate him by mentioning that a millionaire American was about leaving another legacy to a second daughter. This was received with such a blast of incredulity that the subject was at once dropped.

In 1882, Senator Humbert was made Minister of Justice. His first action, as head of the entire judicial system of France, was to give his authority to the smashing of the Union Generale—a great bank founded by the Conservative opponents of the Radical Ministry. Whether this was done from political motives, or whether he was bribed by the Bourse speculators, who profited by the failure, or whether he took measures which were certainly arbitrary on principle, is another problem, the solution of which would, probably, add another interesting page to the interesting history of France of the last century. Zola made the speculative side of this disaster in the financial world the keynote of his novel, "L'Argent."

The belief is entertained by many that this financial crash must be regarded as the origin of the Humbert money, which enabled Therese to begin financial

operations of a magnitude that would have appalled the leading magnates of any great stock exchange of the world, if their true extent and purpose could, at that time, have been realized. In any case, a month after the downfall of the Union Generale, Therese Humbert and her husband moved into a handsome house in a rich quarter of Paris, and began the crowded receptions to which the Senator invited his Republican friends.

The second considerable loan was for sixty thousand francs, and was made by the Senator in person from a doctor near Narbonne, on the strength of the Portuguese fable. The Senator was as blandly confident in this as he had previously been in the inheritance from the godmother, for he related the story, in 1878, to his friend, Senator Constans. Before 1883 was over, the doctor's loan had led to the buying of the Château of Céleyran, near Narbonne, for two millions of francs, for which the payment was the signatures of Therese and her husband; to the borrowing of an equal sum in ready money in the vicinity; and to the buying of a second château, Vives-Eaux, near Paris. The borrowing and debts of this year alone amounted to more than twelve millions of francs, of which more than half has never been paid. The borrowing from banks also began this year with Laleu, of Cambrai.

From the close of the year of 1883, the Humberts began to use, and to benefit by, political and judicial influence. M. Jacquin, the Councillor of State, who was so prominent among the friends of the Humberts up to the very day of the flight, now first appears. In these years, he held high offices in the Ministry of Justice, and for a time was at the head of the pardon department. One of the earliest loans, which amounted into the millions, had, precisely, for its motive the obtaining of a pardon for the son of a rich country gentleman, near Narbonne, a case of military desertion. Again, when the former proprietor of Céleyran sued for payment on the property he had sold, M. Jacquin impressed judges and lawyers of Narbonne by accompanying Madame Humbert to their town. M. Jacquin now protests that, during his twenty years of daily intimacy with the Humberts, he never once deliberately used his high influence in their favor. The opponents of Radical Republicanism, who strive in every way to make political capital out of the Humbert swindle, have a special grievance against M. Jacquin; it was his single vote in the Conseil d'Etat which authorized the interpretation of the Religious Association law, used by the government to close the sisters' schools last spring and summer.

Other political complications arose at the same time. One of the Narbonne creditors pressed so violently for payment that Senator Humbert himself signed an acknowledgment of 500,000 francs borrowed by Therese and Frederic. When the note was enforced by legal process, it was found to have been wrongly executed, and a heavy fine accrued to the Stamp Department. This was brought to the attention of M. Carnot, then Minister of Finance, who reduced the fine. The note was finally paid. It is singular, to say the least, that such carelessness of execution of a note should not have impressed the cautious mind of M. Carnot, but confidence in Senator Humbert, "a patriarch of the Republic," appears to have been unlimited and implicit. Shortly afterwards, when Carnot had been elected President of France, his wife presented Therese everywhere, and doubly increased her social prestige.

In the meanwhile, and in spite of multiplying court troubles, Frederic Humbert had been elected a Radical member of Parliament, in September, 1885, and

served his term for four years. His defeated Conservative opponent had gathered from talk of Senator Constans that there was something suspicious about the Humbert inheritances, but he failed to use his knowledge to advantage.

It was just after the election of Frederic to Parliament that the remarkable piece of legal engineering was accomplished by which the inheritance of Therese acquired standing before the courts without being contested. This is the famous Crawford compromise, which was dated from the previous year, 1884, just as the Crawford will was dated from 1877, both compromise and will being, of course, equally non-existent with the Crawfords themselves. The substance of Therese's tale was that, under the last will of Robert Henry Crawford, a mythical wealthy American, she had become sole heir to a fortune of 100,000,000 francs. This legacy, she explained, was an act of gratitude on the part of Crawford, whom she pretended to have nursed back to health. No caprice of an American millionaire seems improbable in France.

In order to profit by this invention, it was necessary that her legendary fortune should be accepted as the equivalent of negotiable securities. To do this, it was necessary, first, to obtain legal certification of the existence of the Crawford millions; second, to avert a demand to show the actual securities. At this juncture, two nephews of Crawford conveniently appeared, and opposed the will, which named Therese Daurignac as sole legatée, one which, while leaving a small annuity to her, divided the fortune equally between themselves, Robert and Henry Crawford, and Therese's younger sister, Marie. They declared that it was their uncle's dying wish that one of them should marry a Daurignac—either was willing to wed Marie—and thus unite the families. Pending settlement of the case, a mutual agreement was entered into providing that the 100,000,000 francs in securities should be sealed in Madame Humbert's safe, not to be opened by her under penalty of forfeiting all claim upon the estate.

As the Crawfords admitted both will and compromise, there was never any question about these documents before the court. It is idle to say that in America these documents, which were not disputed, would have been demanded by the courts; there were enough other questions based on perfectly legal citations and powers of attorney to occupy the attention of the judges. At most, the production of one of the Crawfords in person might have been exacted; but when a Frenchman sues by procuration in America, is his presence in person demanded? It is hardly necessary to add that all the documents and powers of attorney were pure forgeries.

Early in 1886, Therese and her husband bought a great house in the Avenue de la Grande Armée; it was paid for in signatures of the couple, always on the strength of the wife's inheritance. The Crawfords, the people argued, were suing the Humberts; *ergo*, they must exist. Their suit concerned her inheritance; *ergo*, the inheritance existed. In turn, the families of President Carnot and President Félix Faure shared her intimacy. Senators and Deputies and the highest judges of the land graced her hospitable table. Gen. Boulanger came with the rest, half-pleased and half-enraged at finding so many of the Radicals who distrusted him. The accrediting of the Humberts by the intimate relations which they maintained with people of high standing in political financial and social circles cannot be exaggerated in its effect on possible money lenders. Her notes, "payable after the conclusion of my action at law," were freely accepted by banks. A Lille banker advanced 7,-

000,000 francs. She was on the books of a dozen other banks for sums ranging between 1,000,000 and 6,000,000 francs. The security was unquestionable, for every note was indorsed by her sister, Marie, the alternative heir and the prospective bride of one of the wealthy Crawfords. The latter did their share in facilitating swindling operations by openly avowing their ardent wish to be accorded Marie's hand in marriage.

The credit culminated when, in 1890, Senator Humbert was named by his friend, Prime Minister Tirard, to the highly honorable judicial position of First President of the Cour des Comptes (Public Accounts Court). The Senator was already suffering from the advancing paralysis, of which he died the following year. His faithful widow claims that, in these last years, he expressed surprise and uncertainty at the ever-increasing affairs of Therese: "I no longer understand her." He is really to be tried with the others, for it is to him that the triumphs of chicanery and legal procedure are generally attributed.

The husband's connection with the swindle is not quite clear, although there can be no doubt that he knew all the details and tacitly approved of them. To the general public, Frederic was only the husband, passing his time in painting, his works being exhibited at the *salons*—after being touched up, or even entirely remade by his friend, Roybet.

After the disappearance of the elder Humbert, the money-lenders seem to have developed into greedy users, engaged in a contest of wits with Therese and usually worsted by her. Fabulous sums, of which often not half was actually received by the Humberts, now go to fill up the list of obligations signed by Therese in virtue of her great inheritance. The total amount of paper thus signed during the twenty years of her career is credibly estimated at more than 700,000,000 francs, including, of course, renewals, transfers, etc.

The suicide of banker Girard, and various other unsavory or tragical incidents, at last began to arouse grave suspicions regarding the contents of Therese's safe and her inheritance. The end came last spring, when her lawyer announced that, in order to terminate the scandals which had gathered about Therese's person, he would open the safe in the presence of her chief creditors. Therese's chimney took fire immediately, and she herself left her handsome residence a day or two before the opening of the safe. When the latter was at last opened, nothing could be found except an empty jewel case, a copper coin, a brass button and 5,000 francs in securities.

Madame Humbert's daughter, Eve, a very pretty girl, and once destined to become the bride of Paul Deschanel, a rising statesman, and the Senator's widow, Eve's grandmother, never had any knowledge of the true state of affairs. They were kept in utter ignorance, and they are the really pathetic figures in this extraordinary affair.

There are five accomplices in this greatest swindle of the Nineteenth, or, perhaps, any other century, now awaiting trial. They are Frederic and Therese Humbert, the latter's brothers, Emile and Romain, and sister Marie. The latter is presumed to have been a mere marionette in the conduct of swindling operations. The younger of the two brothers, Romain, played a very important role. He was undoubtedly familiar with all proceedings and acted as Therese's confidant.

The Humbert affair promises to raise a great deal of dust, and to lead to many charges and counter-charges, and, perhaps, a great number of bloodless duels. It does not seem, however, as if there was much bitterness of spirit against the Humberts out-

side of the large circle of duped creditors. The boulevardiers are disposed to regard the whole thing as a great joke, and even go so far as to express admiration for the marvelous ingenuity displayed by Therese in the bamboozling of some of the cleverest men in the French capital.

New York, January 10.

SLIPKNOT MARRIAGES

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

THE poor old marriage question! Every once in about so long, somebody—generally a woman—rises up, turns it over in her mind, concludes that it needs amending and renovating, and proceeds thereupon to straighten it out and solve it. These "benefactresses" belong, largely, to the spinster class, which fact goes to show how much more time an unmarried woman has to devote to these burning questions than one who has taken upon herself the galling yoke of matrimony.

The latest female Richmond in the field in aid of her oppressed sisters, who are too busy to fight their own battles, is one Doctor Frances Dickinson, president of the Harvey Medical College, of Illinois, and founder of the Social Economics Club, in Chicago; and Doctor Frances has solved, to her own satisfaction, at least, the question of "how to be married, yet free." She would provide a slipknot marriage, one that would "give" with every restless turn, and release at any time upon demand. To an ignorant on-looker, like the writer, who is not a member-in-good-standing of a Social Economics Club, Doctor Dickinson's proposed plan, upon the face of it, seems strikingly akin to those tenets tabooed in polite society, which are called Free Love doctrines, albeit our reformer proposes to go about her object in a more politic fashion than the Harmons, Woodhulls, *et al.*, of "ancient" history. With one hand she would throw a sop to the church and conventionality and with the other hold, what is called, in the language of slang, a "string" with which to invalidate the assumed pledges entered into.

"I would put forth a double contract system of marriage," she explains.

"When people marry they should have two contracts, one, which ought not to amount to much, to satisfy the demands of the church, and the other, which should count for everything, a contract between themselves. In it each should agree to release the other whenever called upon to do so."

An ideal scheme, in truth, a noble thought, forsooth! How one would love to marry, being conscious all the time, that one stood upon the platform of a lie! But *why* at all, the contract, "which ought not to amount to much, to satisfy the demands of the church?" After all, it is purely a matter of personal preference or religious prejudice that one goes to the church at all in this matter, for one is just as legally, just as tightly tied without it, as far as the binding of a legal contract is concerned. Marriage was originally a civil contract; it is Christianized mankind's own volition that the church has been given its powers in that direction and, when the majority of humanity wants to remove that power, it probably will. There is no need for a sop to the church; better no church contract than that it be an excuse to cover a falsehood at the holiest hour of a man and woman's life.

If a woman gives herself to a man, or *vice versa*, with the private understanding that it is only a relationship subject to whim or immediate convenience, why stand up before the world and call upon high heaven to witness that it is a pledge to hold "until death do us part?" It is such an unnecessary lie;

ergo, Doctor Dickinson's "double contract" is totally uncalled for; there is a lot of rot in the whole suggestion. In the first place, there would not be half the friction in married life if there were fewer unmarried "reformers" like Doctor Dickinson to tell us how down-trodden we are and how our chains clank every time we turn around.

Very few women are really forced into matrimony; it has gone out of style to capture your bride and tie her to your horse and tear her away *à la* Mazzeppa. Most women, these days, have heard all about the restriction of married life, and the tyranny of husbands before they are out of the school room, but they will not be warned, and, with a spirit of investigation only exceeded by their daring, they fare forth to deck themselves in the same chains that clank a refrain to the dirges, or pæans, as the case may be, of their other sisters.

That there are tragedies enough, and the bitterest of tragedies, in the state matrimonial no one can deny and the most real are seldom known to outsiders; the majority that creep into print and disport themselves in the divorce court partake more of the farce or melodrama than of the dignity of the tragedy.

Leaving out any moral question or any idea of love between a man and woman, what sort of a plain business proposition is this which our Social Economics doctor would indorse? Would she be willing to enter into any business known to be founded upon two codes; one for the world and another for a confidential agreement which would give the lie to that offered to the public? How long would such a business stand? There is a mighty factor in such cases of which she loses sight; we call it Public Opinion, but one likes to think that it is the aggregation of strong thoughts and true thoughts and honest principles that rise up with one voice and will not let the race go backward with time.

"Freedom is curtailed," says the Doctor, and there is too much sacrifice. Will she kindly mention any contract or relationship in life, which, if conscientiously fulfilled, does not call for more or less curtailment of freedom and for sacrifice? The Nation, the State, the family—"no man liveth to himself"—if he *lives* the best that is in him, and we, most of us, will claim our

"Fifty years of Europe"

as better than

"A cycle of Cathay."

Doctor Dickinson is wrong about this being "a home problem; one for the mothers of the land to settle." The mothers are not conscious that it is a problem at all; they are struggling with problems of their own—how Jack is to get through college, and how they can invent stockings with knees everlasting for the smaller boys, and how they can teach the girls to be womanly first and young "ladyish" afterwards, and a thousand other things that are as far removed from a "slipknot marriage" as Heaven is above—the other place.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

ONE MORE KISS

BY WESTLAND FOREST.

ONE more kiss upon your hand, sweet girl,
Let me press,
Its soft, white palm; its bluish veins
I would caress.

The warm velvet-hand, the glowing tips, I yearn
To kiss and stroke;
The warm velvet-hand, which gripped my heart
Until it broke.

CHRISTIAN GENTLEMEN

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THESE are cold, but profitable days for Mr. Baer, the Christian president of the Reading Coal and Iron Company. While he has not been saying much for some time, he has been attending to business, and managed to remain first in the memory of his countrymen by keeping the supply of anthracite coal very scant and prices at a height that is anything but suggestive of Christian principles. Mr. Baer is the man of the hour. He has achieved greatness and also had it thrust upon him. He now bestrides this little country of ours like a Colossus, and we petty men stand between his huge legs, with little pails in our hand, which we piteously implore him to fill at his own prices.

Could there be anything more astounding than this abject submission on the part of the people of the United States to the will and dictates of a man, who proclaims himself God's viceroy on earth, *Pontifex Maximus*, and a Christian gentleman to boot! Could there be anything more humiliating than the reading of conferences between Government and State officials, Mayors and school boards and Mr. Baer and his arrogant lieutenants, called for the purpose of devising ways and means to alleviate the sufferings of the lower classes entailed by severely cold weather and lack of fuel?

These heartless coal barons have themselves been responsible for bringing about the present intolerable situation. For, last year, they absolutely refused, for months, to listen to proposals aiming at an ending of the coal strike in the anthracite regions. For months, they turned a deaf ear to all sorts of appeals, protests and threats. Although they knew that the shutting down of mines could not but end in a curtailment of supplies of fuel and a sharp advance in prices in consequence, they continued to damn the Government, the President and the public until they had assured themselves that a shortage of fuel was a certainty, and that they had the whole nation at their mercy. Then Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan kindly interfered, with hypocritical proffers of his good offices, and at last succeeded in ending the troubles. The Wall street magnate had been shrewd enough, of course, to continue purchases of "old masters," in Europe, at Morgan prices, until the Christian gentlemen, to whom God, "in His infinite wisdom," had seen fit to entrust the people's coal mines, sent reports that things were in tip-top shape for a successful raid on the pocketbooks of coal consumers. Morgan, it should here be added, had completely forgotten that the cables were still working.

A few days ago, one of the coal lords gleefully informed a press representative that anthracite coal would continue to sell at fabulous prices for at least a year or more. This is, undoubtedly, very pleasing news. Those among us who cannot appreciate the prospect of being made to disgorge for an indefinite length of time, should console themselves with the reflection that high prices means prosperity for all. It is foolish, in these piping times of peace and plenty, to complain of exorbitant prices, of being held up and of the shamelessness of men who own the American coal mines, under the Government's fatherly protection, and sell their product at twenty cents a pail to "widows and orphans," whom God has entrusted to the custody of "Christian gentlemen" of the Baer type.

We must refrain from expressing anarchistic ideas, even in times when our teeth chatter from cold, when we split our butter with hatchets, and look with longing eyes into consumptive coal yards, at a

little pile of black things, which the dealer watches over as carefully as do the Moslems over the flag of the Prophet at Mecca. Let us not forget that we are a strictly law-abiding people, and that it would be subversive of political and economic institutions to demand the adoption of unprecedentedly drastic measures against "Christian gentlemen," who must be regarded as God's anointed. It behooves us to remain contented; to plank down the cash without flinching, and to congratulate each other on the news that the anthracite coal companies are highly gratified at the present ratio of their income. The Reading, the Erie, the Ontario & Western, the Delaware & Hudson, and the independent miners, who make twelve-year-old boys pay the debts of their fathers who lost their lives in the shafts, believe that prosperity has at last come their way. Too long, they say, had they been deprived of their share of economic profits, which the insignificant rest of the Nation rhapsodized over. Too long had they been compelled to sell at prices that barely covered expenses, and to jolly along dissatisfied shareholders the best they knew how. If God, "in his infinite wisdom," permitted the inauguration of a strike, and then refused to send a mild winter along, nobody has an iota of right to complain about being held up, and things of that sort.

The American people should not lose their temper in the present crisis. They should stick to those old-fashioned principles, which justified gay King John in drawing the teeth of his subjects, whenever the latter could not in any other manner be induced to let go of hoarded wealth. The old principles of law and political economy must not be abandoned. The coal barons own their mines. True, they got them for a song, many years ago, when the population of the country was still very small, and fuel a great deal more abundant than it is now, but that does not warrant us in demanding governmental regulation of the exploitation of the country's natural resources, and an infringement upon the rights of property, about which old Blackstone wrote so learnedly, a century and a half ago, and to which our Supreme Court judges dedicate odes every once in awhile.

The rights of property! How fine, how impressive that sounds! It sounds like that other "cute," vigorous phrase, which old Vanderbilt emitted at a strenuous moment: "The public be damned!" The rights of property must be held sacred, no matter what prices we may have to pay for our anthracite coal. The fuel shortage is but a temporary affliction. It would be un-Christian to grow mad about it, and to call Mr. Baer all sorts of bad names. Besides, times are prosperous, and we all have the "stuff" to pay for our fuel, whatever is demanded for it. In this winter of our discontent, we must practise the virtues of humility and of obedience. The laws must be obeyed, and the kingdom of God on earth, over which Mr. Baer is now lordling it, must not be overthrown. For it makes for charity, for progress and for enlightenment.

Our forefathers were absent-minded spendthrifts when they handed the country's natural wealth over to private persons for a mess of pottage, and we have to "pay, pay, pay," for their egregious error and improvidence.

We justly pride ourselves upon our democratic institutions, and we are fond of talking of liberty, fraternity and equality. We pity the people of Europe for being compelled to call themselves subjects of emperors and kings, and, yet, here we are, we, citizens of the greatest Republic the world ever saw, abjectly kow-towing and prostrate at the feet of a few individuals, unable to help ourselves and to make use of

the immense deposits of anthracite coal which kind Nature has given to mankind. Oh, ye immortal gods, what a spectacle!



THE RACE PROBLEM

BY S. O. HOWES.

A STRANGE scene, almost bewildering to the senses, was enacted on the floor of the Cotton Exchange, in Houston, Tex., Dec. 29, of the year just closed. A scene, that, to the writer who viewed it, seemed epochal in its significance, pregnant with rich possibilities for the future. There, where the talk, usually of spots and futures, the boll weevil and the weather, shifts from group to group of buyers and sellers of the fleecy staple, in more or less negligent attitude, hand in pocket, hat on head, were now gathered together an assemblage of representative business men of the town, drawn thither to hear a member of an alien and inferior race, who but yesterday was in bondage and whose forefathers, but the day before, were man-eaters in darkest Africa. Until this man rose and towered like Saul above his brethren, no negro ever held for one hour the respectful and thoughtful attention of an audience exclusively of whites, while earnestly and intelligently discussing one of the most serious problems of our latter day civilization.

Of that rare good gift of sense, erroneously called "common," Booker T. Washington has been generously endowed. Without mentioning Senator Morgan's name he denounced in clear tones and logical English the proposed solution of the negro problem by deportation. "We were the only race who were ever urgently solicited to come here," he said. "Your forefathers met with an inhospitable reception by the first families of this country in 1492. We were not only invited, but sent for, and had our passage paid, and now that we are here we do not propose to turn our backs on you, for that would be ingratitude." He then paid his respects to the negrophiles of the East who suggest social equality and the higher education for the black man, driving in the nail of his argument with a few well-directed blows of humorous narrative. It seems that an old darkey aspired to play on his master's violin and begged to be instructed. "Well, Sam," said his master, "I'll teach you, but you must pay me \$3 for the first lesson. The second will be \$2, and so on, the last lesson costing you only twenty-five cents." The old darkey scratched his head and said: "Boss, I'll 'cept dem tehms, but I wants yeh to be sho' an' give me de las' lesson fust." That had been the trouble with his people, said Washington, since their emancipation; they wanted the last lesson first. He also spoke of the fact that many of his race suddenly imagined they had received the gift of Pentecost. No sooner were the shackles of slavery riven than many thought they had received a call to preach.

He then expounded, in lucid, simple speech, his gospel of manual labor for the blacks, guided by an increased and developed intelligence, and in minute detail he explained his plan for the negro's regeneration—a theory that is more than a theory, for, in his institute, at Tuskegee, he has given practical expression to his ideas. "Starting in 1881," he said, "with only a hoe and a blind mule, I now have 800 acres in cultivation by my students, who are skilled mechanics, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, brick makers and agriculturists. We sold, last year, to industrial plants in Alabama, over two million brick, and," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "we raise everything that a farm can produce, even poultry, though not at night."

The brutalizing side of slavery, a side that has never been visible to the naked eye, save only the in-

flamed vision of those with hate in their hearts for the South, has never presented itself to this man who lived in the thick of it. On the contrary he affirms that the South in slavery time was for the black man one vast industrial school. "For," said he, "while a plain farm hand would bring on the block but \$700, a skilled blacksmith or wheelwright could not be had for less than \$1,400."

He then dwelt on the importance of the South's educating the negro in all lines of industrial pursuits, that the criminal classes might be lessened and the expense of supporting the shiftless be stopped. He humorously, and with truth, remarked that while there are starving Russians and starving Jews there are no starving negroes. Somebody pays for their keep—a fact the hypercritical Northerner fails to appreciate. The leakage that goes from Southern pantries to make fat the louts that are kept by their wives and mistresses in Southern States would maintain the United States Army in rations. Mr. Washington touched upon these plague spots that are eating away the healthy tissues of the negro's character, formed and nurtured in the patriarchal days of the South's history. He implored his hearers to give moral and financial support to the cause of educating the negro to be a wage earner and spoke in terms of unmeasured contempt of the book-learned darky who is "smart" and nothing else.

So, for one hour, this audience of white business and professional men, clergymen, scholars, merchants, gave clear attention, with now and then a burst of applause, to the eloquent words of practical wisdom that came from the ex-slave's lips.

Professor Washington has the one inseparable attribute of true moral greatness—humility. Not the humility of self-abasement; that is servile, but the saving grace of character that Saint Paul wrote of that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." He recognizes the racial inferiority of the black and neither hopes for nor asks things impossible of attainment. What he does strive for, not only in words of promise, but also in deeds of fulfillment, is the moral upbuilding of his fellows, their conversion from an indigent, dependent class into a self-respecting, self-supporting part of the Nation. The words "epochal in significance" applied to Booker T. Washington's address are chosen with due regard to their meaning. Since slavery, the negro, left to his own devices, the tool of unscrupulous politicians, the toy of foolish doctrinaires, has deteriorated morally and physically. As Mr. Washington said: "Many of my people leave the farms, their rightful habitat, and flock to the cities where they live by their wits." The scenes immediately following the Galveston storm of 1900 led many Southern men, who, from childhood, had regarded the negro with a tender solicitude and affection, the New Englander can never know, to wish heartily that the whole race were carted off and dumped into the isles of the sea. For months after the storm—as long as the Relief Committee's supplies lasted—servants deserted their posts and negro cooks, seamstresses, washerwomen and maids could not be hired for any wage. They simply would not work while each member of their prolific families could go with a basket to the committee and, giving each time a new name, receive provisions and clothing. In this way one family of five members would have its supplies quintupled, and work—they scorned to do it. A Northern community would not have tolerated such behavior on the part of their help. What happened in Galveston? The women did their own cooking and housework, where white servants were unavailable, and months later, when hungry and ill-clad, their former servants applied for positions they got them. I make this digression to show the

urgent need of such work as Mr. Washington is so nobly doing. He said the negro women should be taught proficiency, not in modern languages, painting and music, but in every branch of household work. For, said he, only when the negro man and woman become an invaluable and indispensable aid to the white man will the two live amicably together.

So closed this remarkable address and there was no one present whose sympathies were not enlisted with this member of an alien race who is striving to bring his people out of a bondage infinitely worse than the Egyptians' thralldom of the Hebrews—a bondage of ignorance, sloth and moral degradation.

FINANCE ABROAD

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

THERE is a decidedly better feeling in European financial circles, and this in spite of the fact that trade conditions are still far from what they should be. Securities are once more displaying a rising tendency. There is a livelier investment demand. Confidence is apparent in circles where, a year ago, the utmost of discouragement prevailed and led to a hoarding of funds. The mending process is noticeable in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Russia. There are still a good many weak spots, and occasional indications of continued forced liquidation, but the impression is growing that the worst is over and that Europe is once more warranted in looking more hopefully towards the future.

Arthur Raffalovich, a leading French authority on finance, in a letter to the *New York Evening Post*, makes the statement that the French market would have made even more favorable progress but for the prevailing political unrest and the disquietude engendered by the rapidly expanding public debt of the country. The French investor is, admittedly, of the most timid disposition, and he cannot be blamed for being so, in view of all the turmoil and changes of which France's political history of the past century bears record. At the present time, the French investor is somewhat alarmed at the unusually low quotations prevailing for his rentes, but there is reason to believe that these securities will soon be above par again. The recent weakness and decline must be ascribed to political agitation as well as to the reduction of the interest rate on seven billions of rentes from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. Another depressing factor is the comparatively large amount of 3 per cent National bonds, issued in December, 1902, and still afloat and looking for a favorable market. The political unrest has had the effect of causing depositors to withdraw 120 millions francs (out of a total of 4,000 millions on deposit) from the savings banks. French capital has been largely invested in foreign securities, most of which have risen perceptibly in the last few months, and will undoubtedly go still higher. In spite of all misgivings in ultra conservative quarters, the hope is justified that nothing will occur to upset financial and commercial conditions in France, and that the anti-religious crusade will fail to further the revolutionary plans of certain factions of the clerical and radical parties.

British consols are still low, but it is confidently believed by various eminent authorities that they will be selling at materially higher prices within the not remote future. The liquidation which followed the conclusion of peace in South Africa has exhausted itself, it seems, and the securities have been absorbed by shrewd investors of large means in England as well as on the Continent. At this writing, the British financial markets are unqualifiedly strong, notwithstanding the fact that the public is still hesitating and

fearful lest the incipient improvement should once more prove but temporary and elusive. The British investor has been fooled so often, since the latter part of 1899, that he may be pardoned for being more than traditionally circumspect, and for thinking twice before making purchases in security markets.

The financial betterment is plainly to be noted in Germany. The empire's 4 per cent bonds are now selling above 100. Its $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bonds, which, in 1900, ruled at 92, have returned to par, and the 3s, which have been as low as 85, are at 91, after having touched 93. The actual public credit of Germany has a right to be quoted as high as that of France, but there are in Germany no purchasers of national bonds for savings banks, and the absorption of four thousand million francs of debt, which results from such purchases in France, does not exist. Furthermore, investment in the 3 per cent bond in Germany still is a luxury. The movement on the part of the government to force conversion of 4s into $3\frac{1}{2}$ s has proved a blunder, which simply led to a displacement of capital. In addition to all this, the Imperial government, and the constituent kingdoms and grand-duchies are frequently compelled to borrow and to issue new bonds, the result being that the financial markets are becoming glutted at times and capitalists tempted to invest their funds in securities that promise a better return on the investment. German loans are made without any previous understanding. They are not made in a well-planned, systematic, scientific fashion. The empire and the government of Prussia move in concert, but the other States generally make a crude and haphazard disposition of their loans. Affairs of this sort are better managed in France and England, where every step leading to the flotation of new securities is always well-considered in advance.

Public securities which have advanced most materially in the past year are the Italian rentes. The 4 per cent bonds are now selling at 103. These securities originally drew 5 per cent, but were, in the course of time, and owing to persistent financial troubles of the Italian Treasury, scaled down to 4 per cent, in spite of the vigorous protests made by unfortunate holders. Since 1899, the bonds have gained more than twenty points in market value. The "megalomaniac" policy of Signor Crispi has been replaced by wiser financial management; bank credits and the issuance of bank notes have been well restricted and are now closely regulated by legislation; fiat money has been so far retired that exchange has returned to par, after having lost 14 to 15 per cent. By the same process, gold has been drawn back into the avenues of commerce, and the government has succeeded in redeeming a good part of its bonds by purchasing them from foreign holders.

The financial position in Spain is rather confused, but there also are symptoms of approaching improvement. Spain's fiscal policy, since 1902, under such ministers as Urguez and Rodriganez, has been slightly comical. Villaverde re-established financial equilibrium, created new taxes, restricted to foreign holders payment in gold of coupons on the exterior debt, domestic holders having submitted to a tax of 20 per cent on their revenue. His successors have to meet the problem of exchange, which has lost from 30 to 40 per cent. They believe that a large share of the trouble could be remedied by converting the Bank of Spain into what the Bank of England is to-day. At the present time, a better and more progressive spirit pervades Spain's fiscal and economic policy, and holders of the national bonds anticipate quite a sharp recovery in quotations.

So far as Russia is concerned, public securities may be said to have maintained a marked appearance of

strength through the year 1902. A loan of three hundred millions, issued at Berlin, some time ago, by the Czar's government, for the purpose of facilitating the Chinese indemnity payments, proved a success from every standpoint, although the securities were not quoted as high as the 4 per cent railway rentes issued at Paris in 1901, which touched 106. The 3 per cent loan made by Russia has likewise registered some improvement. The financial standing of Russia has been enhanced by the large crops of the past season. Commercial reports indicate that economic conditions are on the mend in nearly every portion of the vast empire.

Regarding the high prices of American government bonds, M. Raffalovich makes the following interesting and suggestive remarks: "From our point of view, American public securities are very dear with the 2s at such a price as 109. What a lesson this is for Europe, and what power of public credit does it show, coming at a moment when British consols sell at 93, French rentes at 99 and when your general markets are still in the full heat of speculation. Yet this unheard-of price for your 2s does not startle European observers in the least, since we know quite well how the figure was obtained. This price for your Government bonds is a luxury which is indirectly costing you dear; which is, in fact, depriving you of a necessary element to sound finance and elastic currency, and preventing automatic increase in circulating medium at an hour of need, and its retirement when business activity has again contracted."

M. Raffalovich's words state the case in a nutshell. They are re-echoed by experienced financiers on both sides of the Atlantic. The prices of our Government bonds are artificial. But for the fact that they constitute the basis of our National bank note circulation, the bonds would not be selling at their current level. And because they are selling there, ideas of security values have become deranged, and the Federal treasury finds itself compelled to pay tribute to Wall Street syndicates, who make it a pet object to "corner" Government bonds whenever there are indications of a renewal of stringent conditions in the money market.

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE

BY HENRY HUMISTON.

MISS MARTIN picked up the little pile of letters that the maid laid down in front of her plate at the breakfast table and glanced at them one by one, and put them down unopened until she reached a gray envelope addressed in a big, bold hand that she seemed to recognize. She smiled happily, told the family without a blush that she supposed the letter was an invitation to another opening of some fur store, and then tearing the envelope across at the end, took out the letter and began to read it.

It began: "My dear Louise, I know you have my happiness at heart, and—"

Miss Martin put the letter down in dismay. She looked at the envelope again. It was certainly addressed to her. The handwriting she knew positively to be that of John Lanster. She was expecting a letter from him this morning. Yet she felt that this letter was not for her. Her principal reason for thinking so was that it began "My dear Louise." Her reason for thinking as she did was that her name was not "Dear Louise," or even "Louise." Her full name was Helene Elizabeth Martin. Almost anybody would say at first blush that a letter addressed "Dear Louise" was manifestly not intended for Helene Elizabeth Martin.

She turned to the signature at the end of the letter. Yes, there it was, "John Arthur Lanster." She was

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so perplexed she could hardly eat her breakfast. Immediately afterward she went into the library and sat in front of the grate fire and pondered. John had never called her Louise. He had never spoken of a Louise. Yet here was a letter signed by him and addressed to some one named Louise. Some one, too, who had "his happiness at heart." It has always been strongly suspected by philosophers that curiosity might be put down in black letters at the head of the list of mental attributes of every woman. Miss Martin was a woman. She had quite a struggle with her woman's nature for awhile, but finally she conquered and she put the letter back into the envelope unread.

Then she sent a short note to Mr. John Arthur Lanster, which said:

"Your letter addressed to me, but beginning 'Dear Louise,' is received. I am afraid that both 'Dear Louise' and myself have received the wrong missives. Will you ask 'Dear Louise' to return me my letter and I will send her hers? I shall have to admit that I read this much of 'Dear Louise's' letter, 'I know you have my happiness at heart.' I hope you will believe me when I say that I read nothing more. Possibly it will be as well for 'Dear Louise' to keep the letter she received by mistake or return it to you. On second thought, I do not believe I want it, even though it were originally intended for me."

A messenger boy appeared a few hours after this note had been sent, with another note, which this time did not begin "My Dear Louise," but instead began, "My Darling Helene." Miss Martin perused its contents. It said: "In justice to every one concerned, it is necessary that you read the letter intended for another person. I am sorry I made such a silly blunder as to get my letters in the wrong envelopes. But there is nothing to do now but for you to read the letter sent you by mistake. I am afraid you will not speak to me again. I have told Louise what I would never have dared to tell you. But now you must read that letter. There is no other way. I can only hope you will not hate me afterwards!" Then followed the signature, "John Arthur Lanster."

Miss Martin immediately took the "Dear Louise" letter and read it.

"My Dear Louise: I know you have my happiness at heart, and I write to answer your questioning of

the other night. Yes, I am unhappy. Very, very unhappy. It is right that I should tell you why. You said you knew that I was in love. You guessed right. It is because I am in love that I am unhappy.

"But you think that love ought to make one happy. Well, it should ordinarily. But, Louise, my love is such a hopeless one. I am in love with one who is far away from me as the stars. She is so beautiful, so good, so sweet, that when I am near her I realize how unutterably unworthy I am of her.

"If she were poor—O, if she were only poor—then I might go to her and presume to tell her how I love her as woman was never loved before. But she is rich, I am poor, and I could not ask her to share her lot with a man who had not one single thing to offer her but a desperate, maddening love.

"You know, my dear sister, whom I mean. It is Miss Martin. I cannot stand the pain that is eating out my heart any longer. I am going to resign my position here, bright as my prospects are, and go away. I don't know where I shall go. I care less—Alaska, South Africa, the Philippines, the ends of the earth. Anywhere. Just to go where I shall not see her and where in solitude and silence I can finish a life that, without her, is not worth living. Good-bye.

"John Arthur Lanster."

For an hour Miss Martin sat with the letter in her lap and with her eyes fixed on the flickering grate fire. Then she put on her hat and coat and went out.

The next morning Mr. John Arthur Lanster remained at his boarding-house for a considerable time after breakfast, waiting for the postman. When his mail arrived he had no difficulty in throwing to one side those envelopes which contained requests from various tailors, hatters and liveries to please call and settle sundry and numerous little bills, and picking out a letter in a violet-covered envelope and sealed with a monogram which had an "M" prominently interwoven in it.

He tore open the envelope and started to read the letter when he suddenly put it down with an expression of dismay.

He looked at the envelope. It was addressed to himself. But he felt the letter was not intended for him. It began: "My Own, Darling Fred." He looked at the signature. It was signed "Helen Elizabeth

Martin." Somebody else had made a mistake. He immediately wrote a telegram. It read:

"Miss Helen Martin: There is a mistake somewhere. Will return letter delivered to me unread.

"J. A. L."

Having called a messenger boy and dispatched this telegram he immediately sat down and read the letter. It was as follows:

"My Own Darling Fred: You asked me, only an hour ago, why I was laughing so merrily and for me to tell you the joke. I didn't tell you then, but I will now. You know Mr. Lanster, of course—John Arthur Lanster, as you always call him. I will confess that I have had a great deal kinder feeling for him than you have had. I always found him a delightful companion, although you always insisted he was such a bore. I have always insisted that Mr. Lanster was really funny, and now I am going to tell you something to prove it.

"I received a letter the other day in his handwriting and with his signature at the bottom, addressed to 'My Dear Louise.' Naturally I was somewhat taken aback when I read this salutation, and wrote to him telling him that he had probably sent me a letter intended for someone else. He immediately wrote me a note saying that a mistake had been made, but there was nothing to be done but for me to read the letter. I did so, and found that it was to his sister and not to a rival, as my jealous nature at first led me to believe. In this letter Mr. Lanster told how deeply he adored me, and saying that because he dared not tell me he was going to Alaska or South Africa or Arkansas, or somewhere to end in solitude an existence intolerable without me. It was all really quite touching. But now for the joke: I investigated and found that Mr. Lanster had no sister Louise and never did have, and so his letter was intended for me after all. Wasn't it really clever of him? And do you know that I believe that he will keep his word and actually go to South Africa or some outlandish place, or at least that he will leave Los Angeles and never see me again? Sincerely,

"Helene Elizabeth Martin."

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NEW BOOKS

Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne are the authors of "Memories of Vailima," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Vailima, it will be remembered, was the Samoan home of Robert Louis Stevenson. "At Vailima," writes Isobel Strong, "in the latter part of 1892, I began keeping a journal, putting down, from time to time, bits of Mr. Stevenson's conversation, characteristic sentences and stories. Two large volumes were filled in time, from which I publish the following extracts, with some misgiving, for, as will be seen, they are of their nature fragmentary and disconnected." Mr. Stevenson achieved considerable popularity among the natives of the Samoan islands. His sunshiny, kind nature made him liked wherever he went. As Mr. Lloyd Osbourne says, of the many causes "that went to make Mr. Stevenson a considerable figure in his adopted country, his own personality after all was the chiefest. If his ardent, sympathetic individuality shines so convincingly through the text of his books that it makes friends of those who but dimly understand his work, how much more was it the case in far Samoa, where no printed page intervened between the man and his fellows, where his voice reached first hand and swayed—not literary coteries in the heart of civilization, but war-scarred chiefs, with guns in their hands and wrongs to right. He would have been loved and followed anywhere, but how much more in poor, misgoverned, distracted Samoa, so remote, so inarticulate; for he was one of the Great-hearts of this world, both in pen and deed, and many were those he helped." These "Memories of Vailima" should prove fascinating reading to the host of Stevenson's admirers. They are calculated to make us better acquainted with the genial author of "Virginibus Puerisque"; to bring him closer to our heart, and to cause us to look, with sympathetic interest, upon the man who, in spite of all his physical infirmity, never failed to preserve his good-natured humor and his love of the world and his fellowmen. The binding and printing of the book merit special praise.

"The March of the White Guard," by Gilbert Parker, is a story of love and adventure in the far North, at one of the lonely posts of the Hudson Bay Company. Readers who can appreciate good literature will find this book to their liking. It contains descriptions of life in the snowy wastes of the Arctic circles that are realistically vivid. *Varre Lepage* and his wife, and *Jaspar Hume* are characters that appeal to our fancy and love of romance. There is nothing melodramatic about this forcibly written story. It is strong, clean, healthy and clever throughout. The binding and typography and illustrations are decidedly good. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, are the publishers.

R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; are the publishers of "Master Adam the Calabrian." This, we are told by the translator, Mr. Harry A. Spurr, is a

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"genuine Dumas," and translated from an edition published in Brussels, which bears date of 1840, the year in which the story first appeared. "Dumas visited Naples in 1835, and if we are to believe our author, in his last chapter, he heard the leading incidents of the story from the lips of a guide. These were the days before the great author's labors had multiplied and led him to keep a staff—he was now half way between his dramatic and his romantic successes." As is well known to literary students, there is much diversity of opinion as to the authorship of various stories generally credited to Dumas. The eccentric Frenchman had the habit of appropriating material wherever he found it, and recasting it in a mould all his own. While some critics have severely criticised him for this pilfering, the millions of his admirers are not disposed to think the worse of him for having transformed the crude works of others into what they are generally recognized to be—masterpieces of romantic fiction. The story under review must be admitted to bear the impress of Dumas' mind and style. The 200 odd pages are boiling over with fanciful humor and flashes of sarcasm. The story swings along in the true Dumas fashion—briskly and breezily. While it is not extraordinarily clever, it holds the reader's attention to the end.

The table of contents of the initial, or January, number of the *Booklovers' Magazine* is of varied interest and well-selected. Among the contributors are Goldwin Smith, Julian Ralph, Richard Henry Savage, Hamilton W. Mabie, Normal Hapgood and Joseph French Johnson. The articles are in short, compact and pointed form, and of good quality. M. Edouard Rod, the distinguished French *littérateur*, is represented by an essay on "Le Roman Contemporain." The new magazine begins its career very auspiciously, and should meet with the support of the thinking classes of readers. It is published monthly by the Library Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The disciples of Authur Schopenhauer, the great German pessimistic philosopher, will find, in the January number of *The Reader*, a collection of hitherto unpublished notes of conversations with the eccentric sage of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. We reproduce the following from this novel collection: "O. yes! I am perfectly willing to do anything which your morality decries—but even to be recalcitrant no longer especially interests me—save that it gives me only amusement, the wonder of those who do not understand." The contents of the current number of *The Reader* should be a source of delight to literary folk. The magazine is published by The Reader Publishing Co., New York.

C. L. Bates, who for many years was with Mermod-Jaccard & Co., now has charge of the Diamond Department of F. W. Drosten, 7th and Pine, where he would be pleased to meet and serve his many friend and patrons.

WOMAN'S HAIR

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many to hear that the dealers in human hair do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest which can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In America alone over four tons of hair are imported yearly.

Not a little of the hair used in this country comes from the heads of American women, and is fully as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. "We had," remarked a proprietor of a large hair emporium, "a big harvest during the craze which ladies had, some years ago, for having their hair cut short. Many thousands of women who then had their locks sheared have since bitterly regretted it, as in many instances their hair has grown so slowly and has never come back to its original glory." After the majority of women reach the age of thirty the hair seems partially to lose its vigor, and if cut it will not grow long again.

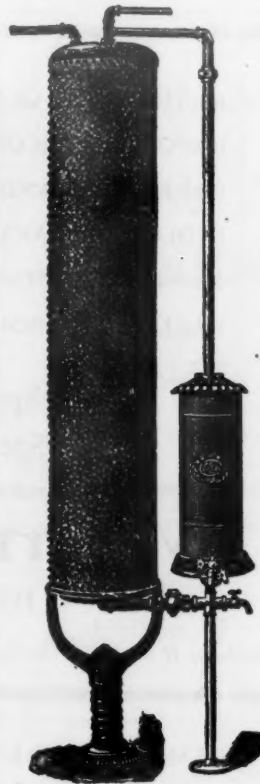
Two-thirds of the ladies nowadays use false hair more or less. The decree of fashion, or the desire to conceal a defect or heighten a charm, is the reason, of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continued curling with hot irons, and would like to conceal the fact. Both make use of a front or "transformation," with a choice of many styles.

The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market in Merlans, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, the shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the steps of the houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck the hair is cut and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from \$1.50 up to any price, according to length and texture.

A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. And I know a woman who has been offered and refused \$300 for her crown of glory, which is over six feet long. A single female hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for fair hair breaks under a strain of two and one half ounces.—*From The Club Fellow.*

Our late importation of Art Nouveau bronzes and electroliers is positively unsurpassed this side of New York. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

She met him in the darkened hall;
Said he, "I've brought some roses,"
Her answer seemed irrelevant;
It was, "How cold your nose is."
—*Varsity Fortnightly.*



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Men's \$10.00 and \$12.00 Suits, reduced to	\$7.75	Boys' Star Shirt Waists, reduced from \$1.00 to	39c
Men's \$40.00 Full Dress Suits, reduced to	\$32.75	Boys' \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.50 Negligee Shirts, reduced to	89c
Men's Tuxedo Coats, full silk lined, reduced from \$24.00 and \$22.00 to	\$18.75 and \$15.75	Monarch \$2.00 and \$1.50 fancy Shirts, reduced to	59c
Soft and Stiff Hats, all colors, \$3.00 and \$2.50 quality, now	\$1.69	White Shirts, reduced from \$1.00 to	59c
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A PROTEST

New York, January 5th, 1903.

Editor of the Mirror:

Your written word is usually so just to woman that I must protest most emphatically against the paragraph in last week's MIRROR, re "The Royal Scandal." You conclude with "but it (the world) frowns upon all actions that tend to lower man's ideal of womanhood."

Now, if man's ideal of womanhood requires a wife to go on living with a husband, who is admitted to be more beast than man, not only in his treatment of his wife, but in other ways, then I thank Heaven that there is a woman's ideal of womanhood!

To my woman's mind, there is nothing on earth, or in the waters under the earth, more degrading to womanhood than that a woman should bear children to a man she loathes and despises. If there be a woman anywhere whose sin is greater than this crime against herself in thus destroying the holiest instincts of wifehood and motherhood, and against the unloved beings who are given life in this shameful fashion, I know not where she shall be found.

If the Princess of Saxony was not justified in leaving her husband, what, in the name of her "lost-soul-in-hell" life, does justify a woman in leaving her husband?

To — with the worn-out houses of Austria, Saxony and Tuscany. Where is your democracy, my dear Mr. Reedy, that you should fear "to bring scandal" upon these lily-white names?

The fact is, this brave, little Saxony rebel has a sense of honor, and it evidently seemed to her less cruel to leave her little ones for a time (you know she hopes to have her children given to her), while they are still of tender years, than to one day apologize to her grown-up sons and daughters for giving them such a degraded specimen of fatherhood. "May God, and you, my darlings, forgive me, but the conventions of courts, of popes and of the virtuous world that obeys the letter, while the spirit is dead, compelled me to give you that man for a father!" Thus can I imagine her to plead excuses.

It must not be forgotten that the princess ran away from the artificial life of courts as well as from a "beast of a man." The "woman who dares" is usually a democrat. So all hail to the little rebel of Saxony, who is no longer a princess, nor an unloved wife, but is still a woman and a mother, a woman brave enough to be true to herself, and a mother who yearns for the children which the Fates compelled her to desert. Yours for a more, and ever more ideal womanhood,

M. G.



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ATTENTIONS AMONG WOMEN

Just as the little things of life add to the happiness and comfort of living, so do the little attentions bestowed in society, out of kindness and courtesy, add to the general enjoyment of its members. They also make for those who show them many friends, and gain for a hostess the title of good and gracious.

There are all sorts of little attentions that can be paid by women to women and men to women, besides those that many people seem to think the words are alone intended to indicate—viz., the little attentions that gentlemen pay to ladies whom they admire, and whose liking they desire to win—and it is just because men know of this sort of general opinion that they often refrain, for fear of their actions being misconstrued, from paying ladies any attention at all.

It is a mistake from many points of view to suppose that whenever a man pays a little attention it is done with an ulterior motive of matrimony, for more often than not it means nothing more than that he likes the lady's society and conversation.

Everyone likes to be the recipient of a little attention, and everyone appreciates it, whether bestowed by men or women, youths or maidens. Old people like to receive it from young ones even more than from their own contemporaries, for it makes them feel that they are not quite put aside as useless, that their words are still worth hearing and their opinions are still worthy of consideration; and this respect for age is still to be seen, for, in spite of the well-known saying, all young men, happily, do not think all old men fools, nor do all girls consider that all old women are bores.

There are some women who do not consider it worth their while to pay any attention at all to those of their own sex, and just treat them with the barest forms of civility, unless they have some reason for doing otherwise; but these women are, gladly be it said, the exception, and not the rule, and it is because they are this that they are noticed and spoken about.

A woman who acts in this way proves herself to be foolish rather than wise,

for the good or bad word of one of her own sex may make or mar her future; and though this, no doubt, is a worldly way of looking at the matter, it is just as well, as we have to live in the world, to, occasionally, look at things from the world's point of view.

Most women know the value of their sex's friendship, and life would be sadder than it is to many of them if no woman's hand clasped hers and no woman's door was thrown wide for her entrance. For there are times when she craves the companionship of her own sex, moments when the help and guidance of a woman only will help a sister woman from making shipwreck of her life.

They think more of these little matters than do men. The latter will be quite satisfied with civility. "They were civil enough. What more do you want or expect?" are words that exactly express what they feel and think, but it is different with women. They notice both the lights and shadows; miss the little things that are not always to be found in mere civility, but which belong to that courtesy which is consideration for others.

There are numberless ways in which one woman can show a "little attention" to another of her own sex—an introduction given, an invitation to meet a friend whose acquaintance may assist her in her career, a present of fruit or game to one who has but small possessions, a loan of a book, a gift of flowers to the sick or aged. So numerous, indeed, are the ways, that space will not permit a mention of one-quarter of them here, but every woman can find and try them for herself.—Nashville American.



Reduction sale, artistic European bric-a-brac. 4011 Olive street.

ONE QUESTION TOO MANY

Wife: "Such a dream as I had last night, dear!"

Husband: "May I hear about it?"

"Well, yes. I dreamed that I was in a great establishment where they sold husbands. There were beauties; some in glass cases and marked at fearful prices, and others were sold at less figures. Girls were paying out fortunes and getting the handsomest men I ever saw. It was wonderful."

"Did you see any like me there, dear?"

"Yes. Just as I was leaving I saw a whole lot like you lying on the remnant counter."—The New Yorker.



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SOCIETY

Mermord & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ledlie left, on Sunday evening, for New Orleans, La., where they will spend three weeks or a month.

Mme. Pernet-Vandeventer & West Belle. Language, Music, Painting, Elocution, etc.

Miss Anna Koehler, of the South Side, will leave, in a short time, for Washington, D. C., to spend a fortnight with Miss Anna Poertner.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Battle, of Lindell boulevard, will leave this week for the South, where they will spend the spring months in Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch and family will leave, this week, for San Francisco, Cal., and other Western points to make a trip of several weeks.

Miss Eloise Ware and her mother, Mrs. Charles E. Ware, who have been for some time in Berlin and Vienna, have now gone to the Riviera to spend the winter.

Announcement was made last week of the engagement of Miss Hilda Levy, daughter of Mr. Jacques Levy, of 4452 Washington boulevard, and Mr. Lee Sale, brother of Rev. Dr. Rabbi Sale. No date has been chosen for the wedding.

Cards were sent out, on Monday, by Mrs. Joseph H. Roblee, of 3657 Delmar avenue, for a reception which she will give, on Thursday, January 22nd, from three to five o'clock, assisted by Mesdames Paul Jones and Holme Morrison.

Miss Grace Semple is entertaining Miss Munger, of Boston, Mass., who is being a great deal entertained in fashionable circles. Miss Edwina Tutt gave a small and informal cotillion in her honor, on Thursday last, and Miss Semple entertained for her guest, the next evening, with a delightful cotillion.

Mrs. Moses Rumsey is entertaining her cousin, Miss Warren, of Evanston, for whom a number of affairs are on the tapis. Mrs. Rumsey and her daughter gave an informal card party for their guest, on Wednesday evening, and this afternoon, Mrs. Stanley Stoner will have a pleasant gathering in her honor.

Mrs. Joseph D. Lucas gave a luncheon, a short time ago, for Mrs. Ben Cable, who spent the holidays with Mrs. George Castleman, and has now returned to her home in Rock Island. The guests were all conveyed to Goodwood on a private car, which was met by carriages in which they crossed the park. The decorations of the table were all done in American Beauty roses, and the guests were a number of fashionable matrons who are intimate friends of the hostess.

Miss Jane Brown and Mr. D. Collins will be married, on January 27th, the ceremony taking place at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Brown, of 4616 Lindell boulevard, at eight o'clock in the evening. The bride will be attended by her sister, Miss Louie Brown as maid of honor, and Miss Lenita Collins will serve as bridesmaid. Mr. C. F. Collins, Jr., will be best man for his brother, and Mr. Alason Brown, groomsmen. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of the bride, after which they will depart for a honeymoon tour.

A pretty home wedding, of Monday evening, was that of Miss Julia Moffitt and Mr. William J. Ballard, who were married at seven o'clock at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Moffitt, of 4163 Morgan street. All of the nuptial arrangements were very quiet and carried out with the greatest simplicity, the bridal couple approaching the altar together and unattended. The ceremony was witnessed only by the immediate families. After receiving the congratulations of their relatives the bride and groom left for a honeymoon tour. Upon their return they will reside at 5049 West Morgan street.

The marriage of Miss Florence West and Mr. Howard Elting will be the social event of this week, taking place, on Saturday at the West Presbyterian Church at eleven o'clock in the morning. Miss West will be attended by her sister, Miss Carol West, as maid of honor, and Misses Marie Scanlan, Irene Catlin and Tullidge, of Cincinnati, as bridesmaids. Mr. Elting will have for his best man, his brother, Mr. Victor Elting, and the ushers and groomsmen will be Messrs. Allan West, Sherman Elting, of Hannibal, De Witt, of Chicago, Porter, Shapleigh and Chambers. After the ceremony the bride and groom will receive the congratulations of their friends at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. West, of Portland place, before departing for a honeymoon tour.

Science—"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor; "I could not help

noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance." Doubtless, the reason the professor maintained such remarkable equanimity was that his feet were comfortably incased in a pair of Swope's shoes. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



ON THE TRAIN

Two pretty, young debutantes, cozily ensconced in their snug, warm berth, were breathing secrets each into the other's ear of wondrous things which had come under their observing eyes during their "first season out." Then, becoming more personal:

"Do you know, Maud, I positively thought that ninny, Charley Chalmers, just the nicest man ever, and, now don't ever breathe this, I even confided some of my innermost thoughts to him, and the horrid thing repeated to brother Harold the whole story of that little flirtatious episode, of the fifth of May—you know—and Harold told it to father, and—well, you may imagine the rest! Wasn't it mean of him?"

"Mean?" reiterated her companion. "It was beastly, Lily, beastly!"

Silence reigned for a while, save for the noise of the train speeding rapidly over the country.

The subject of the conversation, as it so chanced, occupied the next berth.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, "I've 'quered' myself with Miss Lily Danville, and—I'm more than fond of her; I'm, yes, I'm—"

"Say, Lily."

"Well?"

"Do you know, come to think of it, I saw 'it' on the coach this evening? Yes; I'm quite sure it was he. No; he didn't notice me at all, so engrossed was he in a book entitled, 'How Two May Live More Economical Than One.' How do I know?" in a withering tone. "You goose, I had the porter find out for me."

"Maud," ruminated Lily, after a moment's reflection, "I begin to think I was a trifle hasty, when I called Charlie a ninny. It really didn't matter, you know, if he did tell Harold, or if papa did stir up the wind with his stormings; besides, Charlie's an awfully nice young man and—young lady it's perfectly atrocious of you to call so gallant a gentleman 'it,' so there!"

Charlie, who really was not a "bad fellow," there and then promised himself that, did he live till morning, he'd "have the thing over with and be done with it."

Next morning Lily and Charlie met on the observation platform. Maud had been slow in making her toilet, so Charlie found "her" alone.

I know not whether it was the beauty of the scenery, the exquisite charm of the early morning—or—anyway, it all ended as the dear fairy tales of yore: "They lived happily ever afterward."

And all this came about because the now happy couple, and Maud, knew of the luxuries to be obtained by taking passage on the best train of the best line running to San Francisco, Denver and other Western points, none other than the Wabash Line.



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Ladies' Restaurant

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has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

THEATRICALS

It is simon-pure, sheer melodrama—this week's production at the Olympic. Its very title, "A Message from Mars" suggests it. There is a wild superabundance of fancy, of impossible situations, of thrillingly sudden transformations. And yet the play pleases. It enthralls audiences to a fever-heat. It provokes storms of applause, not only from the Olympian heights of the galleries, but from the most select, aristocratic sections of the parquet and dress circle.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey and his unusually clever British company have taken this town at the first assault. They contrive to put such a vast amount of humor and pathos in this strange sort of play that nobody seems to be conscious of its glaring melodramatic features. The central figure is a Mr. Parker, who is at outs with his best girl, his aunt, sisters and everybody else, all on account of superlative selfishness on his part, and finally bumps up against the messenger from Mars, and is inveigled into a bewildering variety of impossible escapades. After things have palled upon him, and after he has tasted of the bitterness of life and fortune, he is metamorphosed into a hungry, vagrant beggar. Having arrived at that stage, he awakes from his dream, with brain and heart purged of all its former ingredients of selfishness and spite. Of course, everything ends as it should, and everybody wears a big smile at the final drop of the curtain.

"A Messenger from Mars" is a really good play. It is better than its name, and well acted and staged. If you want to know what sort of a thing good melodrama is, go to the Olympic this week.

KING DODO.

The Pixley and Luders comic opera, at the Century Theater, this week, bears repetition very well. This is due not so much to the music, as to the drollery of Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, who is in this part, the most comic of all comic opera comedians—the wonderful top notes of Miss Cheridah Simpson, the sprightliness of Miss Flora Zabelle, the general excellence of other members of the cast, and the strength of the chorus.

Mr. Luders, when he wrote "Dodo," remembered that his "Burgomaster" had been a success, so he repeated himself as often as possible, and as a successor to "The Tale of the Kangaroo," wrote "The Tale of a Bumble Bee" and forgot not an effective chorus for male voices, in his first opera, as well as many other pretty tunes and pleasing harmonies. "Dodo" goes with a rush and is a most pleasant evening's diversion.

A PIACEVOLE PIRATES

"Pleasant, and at intervals, delightful," was the verdict of a large audience of friends and relatives who braved the outer frigidities to assist—by generating that warmth of interest that thrills—at the house-warming of the St. Louis School of Opera, that took place at the Odeon on Tuesday. The event was the maiden essay of the members of this school at opera. The passive subject of the disquisition was Gilbert and Sullivan's amiable "Pirates of Penzance," and with becoming, blushing, diffidence were new phases of that infinite Gilbertian humor revealed. "Instructor-of-Expression," Mrs. Nellie Braggins-Gantz, has all the subtlety of a true disciple.

Vocally, this was the best "Pirates" heard in St. Louis for many a day—decidedly amateurish of action though it, of course, was. The full choruses and ensembles were especially noteworthy, for the absence of that aggressive individual voice propelled with deadly effect by lungs of brass insistently above or below the key. The honors of the occasion were however, easily appropriated by Miss Grace L. Walser, as Mabel, and

Burt P. McKinnie as The Pirate King. Mrs. Haines is to be congratulated on possession of two such voices: Miss Walser's is, beyond cavil, the best soprano voice in St. Louis to-day.

Mr. McKinnie acquitted himself in this, his operatic debut, with his usual efficiency. His burly Pirate King was a decided hit.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The "Daughter of Hamelin," the latest work of Stanislaus Stange, author of "Quo Vadis" and many other popular successes, will be seen at the Century Theater next week. That local playgoers will witness an entertainment far removed from the commonplace, is assured on the one hand by the name of the author, and on the other, because the play was written especially for Blanche Walsh, whose dramatic power and personal charm is too familiar to need comment. Mr. Stange has retained the original locale of ancient Carthage, the wealth, martial pomp and barbaric splendors of which famous city has inspired the imagination of poets, painters, composers and historians alike. The story is one of torrid passion and terrible tragedy, and in the title role Miss Walsh will need to run the whole gauntlet of human emotions.

On Monday night, next, Kyrle Bellew will appear at the Olympic Theater in his latest success, "A Gentleman of France," taken from Stanley Weyman's stirring story of Huguenot love and adventure, by Harriet Ford, Liebler & Co., Bellew's managers, always do things very well, and their inclusion of Miss Eleanor Robson, in Mr. Bellew's support for the tour this season, is a grateful offering. Besides Miss Robson, there is Ada Dwyer, Oscar Eagle and several other members of the original New York cast of last season.

Managers Heinemann and Welb, of the Germania Theater, will present a new comedy, Sunday evening, the 18th, by Carl Laufs, entitled "Der Stille Associe." On Wednesday evening, the 21st, Miss Marga Lauer will be tendered a benefit, on which occasion the great realistic drama, "Die Kollegin," will be the offering.

Have you participated in the laughter, jollity, music and exhilarating skating at the Ice Palace, Cook and Channing avenues? If not, you have not, as yet, known what it is to have a "regular picnic of a time." Join the merry throng that nightly congregates to this amusement palace; you won't regret it.

"A Night on Broadway," the farce comedy offering at the Standard Theater, this week, is one of the most genuinely enjoyable performances ever brought to this playhouse. The plot is not especially well-defined, but the situations are so ludicrous and the various roles enacted with such evident appreciation of the spirit of the fun, that one is prone to waive so trifling a thing as mere "plot" and simply give oneself over to the merriment and jollity of it all. Every one of the company is deserving of mention. Harry Morris as Henry Flleder, a German candy manufacturer and politician, is a comedian of no mean ability. He and his part seem as one; each fits the other admirably. Harry Emerson, Alice Porter, Nellie Fenton and Tony Asher are especially pleasing. Frank Emerson, bone soloist, who rendered several selections between the acts, won unstinted and well-earned applause. Next attraction: "The Brigadiers."

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

New art designs in bric-a-brac; beautiful gifts. Heller's, 4011 Olive street.

Home is Best—She: You didn't stay long in London. He: No, I couldn't stand it. Over there, everybody knew me for an American right away. Here, in New York, no one ever suspects it.—Smart Set.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

"KEYS TO SUCCESS"



Mr. Edward Bok, Editor The Ladies' Home Journal, tells young men how, without help or influence, they can rise to the highest success.

The present century abounds with examples of young men who, alone and unaided, have risen to the very highest pinnacle

of Success in their chosen callings.

The great captains of industry of to-day were the poor boys of thirty years ago. They made their opportunities; they depended solely upon their own personal efforts. It was not a wealthy parent, nor an influential friend who started these men on the road to fortune.

What, then, is that irresistible force which enabled them to overcome all obstacles?

EVERY AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN IS SEARCHING FOR THIS SECRET. He believes that honesty, sobriety, perseverance, and determination are essential in the foundation on which to build a successful career, and yet realizes that he must possess something more than these prerequisites, if he would achieve conspicuous success.

Those who study the lives of successful men will tell you that they all possess a certain force of character—the power to mould and direct the opinions of others. John D. Rockefeller has often said, that he attributes his success largely to his ability to influence and control the minds of men. How to acquire that power is told by Mr. Edward Bok, in his lecture "Keys to Success," the most inspiring address to young men ever heard from an American platform. Mr. Bok does not preach theory; he gives good, sound, practical advice. He tells young men just how they can develop those qualities which contribute to success, and win both money and power. Every word is suggestive and inspiring.

The publishers of this lecture are desirous that every reader of "The Mirror" should possess a copy of "Keys to Success," and they will send, complimentary, a complete copy of this address to every reader who will write for it, enclosing 6 cents to cover cost of mailing. "Keys to Success" is one of the many inspiring speeches, contained in "Modern Eloquence," a library of Famous After-Dinner Speeches, Addresses and Lectures, in ten volumes, edited by the Hon. Thomas B. Reed. The Publishers believe that these complimentary copies of Mr. Bok's "Keys to Success" will prove effective advertising for the sale of Ex-Speaker Reed's splendid Eclectic Library, hence this offer.

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AN IDEAL PLACE

In a recent number of the *Medical Record*, Dr. Kieth Fonde, of Citronelle, Ala., has the following to say regarding the treatment and cure of tuberculosis and the beneficial effects of the climate of the South Alabama pine belt upon sufferers from the "white plague." Is it not a fact that most physicians treating tuberculosis to-day are sending the vast majority of their patients to the high altitudes, without remembering the long list of contra-indications? The fact that physicians of the mountains have furnished in this country almost all the literature on the subject of climatology is, perhaps, responsible for this. It is true, I think, that in any series of unselected cases a large majority would show positive contra-indications to high altitudes. While I do not deny that high altitudes have a well-deserved place in therapeutics, it is only for a certain, or, I should say, one class of tuberculous patients. The writer believes, and proposes to offer some evidence to show, that sea-air, if at sufficient elevation (three hundred to five hundred feet) and far enough inland (thirty to seventy-five miles, these figures being arbitrarily chosen), and preferably in a pine forest, with sandy soil and hills to insure perfect drainage, is far more beneficial to the majority of cases of tuberculosis than is the inland mountain air. As a type of such a location, I select Citronelle, Ala., thirty-three miles north of Mobile, on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, at an altitude of three hundred and sixty feet above the sea, the highest point within this distance of the coast between Boston and Galveston.

The popularity of Citronelle as a health-resort for people suffering from tuberculous diseases is rapidly growing. The place was first known as a healthful location by the Indians, who made a medicine from the plant, Citronella, which is still growing in the vicinity. The site is a high, rolling plateau, in the heart of a long-leaf yellow pine forest of Southern Alabama, has a sandy soil, no malaria, no poisonous insects, is blessed with a climate tempered by the Gulf stream, with a soft, balmy atmosphere, laden with the ozone of the pine forest, being very beneficial to catarrh, bronchial and throat troubles, and to persons recuperating from nervous prostration, the grippe, etc. Citronelle is a thriving town of about one thousand inhabitants, with a winter population of about five hundred more. There are churches of various denominations, public and private schools, a bank, stores of all descriptions, a thoroughly up-to-date and first-class hotel, and good liveries. The water is perfectly clear and exceptionally pure. The woods abound with numberless springs, rippling streams, romantic walks and pretty drives.

The proximity to Mobile makes it particularly desirable to those who enjoy city amusements. Hunting is good for all kinds of small game. Deer is still found in the shadows of the forest, though in small numbers. Squirrels chatter in the large old trees. Turkeys, rabbits and foxes scamper through the woods, and quail and other wild fowl are plentiful.

Citronelle is an ideal winter resort.

People who have been there consider it superior to any other point on the Gulf Coast. If you intend going there, take the Mobile & Ohio trains, which give passengers a speedy and luxurious service.



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The way to make money is only along this line. Combine your capital with the capital of others, and with every additional dollar in the combination the profits of the combination are increased. It is the recognition of this great principle of co-operative organization that underlies the success of the E. J. Arnold Co. That is why the firm is constantly growing in power. It wants to employ all the surplus capital of the average investor in this country, just as Morgan practically controls all the surplus millions of Wall street and the trusts. The more money the firm controls, the greater will be the profits of its clients, and the greater its own profits. The organization of the firm is on a big enough scale to handle all the money that can be secured. This organization has been perfected by four years of successful experience. Working on this principle of co-operation of capital it can pay dividends that smaller combinations, or individual investors could never possibly make.

The money thus obtained is invested in the surest and quickest profit-making business known. That business is the conservative employment of money on the turf. Its investment is represented in book-making, pool-rooms, racing stables and betting. It is the best-known firm in the country to-day. Its operations are so large that they are handled in the daily press as items of general news interest. Its successful working is a matter of common knowledge everywhere. The horde of imitators that have sprung up merely illustrate the importance and success of the firm, but of these minor combinations, some, perhaps, conceived honestly, and, others, perhaps, with no such intention, none has the confidence of the public, because none has the capital, the resources, the organization, the experience, the finan-

cial responsibility and the record of years of *bona fide* earnings of the Arnold & Co. firm.

The investment offered by Arnold & Co., without doubt, is attractive to conservative capital. No promises are made of impossible dividends. Earnings are calculated on a fair basis, taking into account every possible development. No wildcat promises are made, because such promises cannot be legitimately redeemed. Every dollar paid out in this company has been actually earned, and it is not proposed to do business on any other basis. Mushroom concerns need have no thought of responsibility, but with one of the largest business houses in the country, with irreproachable record, and vast property interests at stake, Arnold & Co. are quite beyond the necessity of taking chances, or of ruining their business by rash ventures. On the other hand, as the firm has increased in strength and resources, it has grown steadily more conservative. Conducted in all departments by the most expert men to be found, its policy has always been one of safety and legitimate returns on their investments. Early in its career, the firm invited the inspection of the State and Federal authorities. It is now conducting its business under the sanction of the government, and its books are open and its methods entirely free to the inspection of responsible investors. Thus the responsibility of Arnold & Co. is guaranteed by banks, governmental inspection, the scrutiny of private observation and, best of all, its record of four years of safe and prosperous conduct. Clients of several years' standing, thousands in number, and from all parts of the country, are, after all, the best reference any firm can give.

With this in view, the proposition offered may be considered as perfectly reliable and worth the attention of anyone. Earnings of two per cent a week will make a satisfactory income to the average investor. An investment of \$5,000 yields \$100 a week. We do not know of any other business, within the reach of the ordinary investor, that yields anything like that sum. What, in itself, is but a moderate sum, may thus, without impairing the principal, steadily afford a comfortable living income. But whether the investment is \$5,000 or \$50, it shares equally, and for those who wish to save, and yet make their money earn money, there is probably no better investment in the world of finance. As depositors can withdraw their investments in whole or in part at any time, the firm certainly has all the advantages of savings

banks, and additional advantages readily apparent. As already stated, its reliability and financial standing are perfectly assured.

The organization of the Arnold capital is as follows: The capital fund is made up of subscriptions. These subscriptions may be made in sums of \$50 and upwards, and are certified to by a certificate of deposit, calling for an income from the business to the extent of two per cent weekly, to be paid on a given day each week in cash, and giving the holder the right to return the certificate at option and to withdraw the total or any part of his investment, together with the profits to the day of withdrawal. This two per cent weekly will be paid as long as it is earned, and if at any week the profits run low, and are not sufficient to pay two per cent a week, something that so far has never happened, the subscriber will receive whatever the *pro rata* profits amount to, and if, in subsequent weeks, the earnings shall exceed two per cent, the difference will be made up, so that the income mentioned is practically assured. As a rule, the profits run over two per cent, and on the volume of business transacted, this increment goes to Arnold & Co. But before the members of the Arnold & Co. firm can make a dollar, the investor has to realize his two per cent. The head of the firm, E. J. Arnold, is recognized as the wealthiest turfman in the country, and long before he transferred his accounts to the firm bearing his name, he was recognized as an independently wealthy bookmaker. Hence, the proposition is based on common business sense, and very obviously is as different as night from day from the "get-rich-quick," pay-dividends-out-of-receipts concerns, that advertise so profitably.

The way in which this profit is earned is as follows: First, there is the book-making department, which makes books on every legitimate race track in the country. Backed by immense capital and conducted by experienced men, the profits from this department alone would almost pay the dividends. Bookmaking is one of the most profitable businesses in the world, because its returns are immediate, and the cash is realized instantly. Year in and year out, the bookmaker makes money. Secondly, Arnold & Co. conduct the largest poolroom at Hot Springs, and working without a limit, their profits, in the present season, have been the largest in the history of the Springs. This can be verified by reports in the daily papers all over the country, or by reference to any turfman. The third department consists of the

strongest racing string in the West, including Ethylene, Bessie McCarthy, Fitz Brillar, Mary McCafferty, Peaceful, Maximus, Searcher, and, finally, the famous Gold Heels, the champion racer of 1902, winner of all the big Eastern stakes in his division, and pronounced, by critics, the greatest horse of the decade. Tommy Burns, who will ride, next year, in England, for W. C. Whitney, rides, this year, for the Arnold stable, and at present, is at San Francisco, where he has the stable mounts. Battiste, who lead all the jockeys at the St. Louis tracks, while here last season, carrying the pink and orange colors to repeated and almost monotonous victory, also rides for the stable at New Orleans. This stable is very profitable, as its earnings in purses are quite considerable, but it is also profitable in another way, as it affords the medium for immense betting operations. Knowing all the conditions, with absolute knowledge of the fitness of the horse, Arnold & Co.'s managers can bet with almost certainty, and the record of their *coups* can be found in the daily papers, as the most sensational episodes of the racing world. Finally, at Greenville, Ill., is located one of the finest breeding farms in the country. A number of high-bred stallions and mares have been imported from England, and, in the future, the most valuable horses in the country may be produced here. There is a mile track on the farm, and during the winter, many horses from the racing stables are turned out, and the two-year-olds, given private trials. The estate is improved, and is very extensive. The money spent on the place, as well as its intrinsic value, is but one indication of the stability and security of this firm, and indicates that they are planning for the future as well as taking care of the present. In fact, the whole property, magnificently managed and organized in every detail, as it is, and constantly under the supervision of the home office, as well as its operations and earning powers being open to the public eye, pays enormous returns, and, in substance, is the very best investment of the kind in the world. There needs to be no jugglery about the sources in this income, because anybody who has ever been on a race track, or wishes to go there, can see them for himself.



The home offices of Arnold & Co. are in the Benoist Building, St. Louis. An entire floor of this modern office building is completely given over to the firm. Branch offices have been established in Chicago and San Francisco and other central points.

A 6% FIRST MORTGAGE BOND

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A 25% SHARE IN THE PROFITS.

There has never been a great real estate deal carried out that has enlisted the endorsement and support of the strongest and safest men in St. Louis as has the 6% preferred stock of the UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS REALTY AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY. Owning, as we do, 50 city blocks (30,000 front feet, 200 feet deep) in the finest residence district of St. Louis, on which there is a mortgage of \$200,000, we offer \$300,000 of 6% guaranteed preferred stock in \$10.00 shares with a bonus of 25% in common stock, one share for each front foot. Of this money \$200,000 is used to wipe out the present mortgage so that the preferred stock becomes a first mortgage bond on the land and all improvements. The remaining \$100,000 can only be used to improve the land which is your security. A great bank is your trustee to insure that these agreements are carried out. The officers of the company draw no salaries, and we who hold the bulk of the common stock cannot receive one penny until your money is paid back with 6% interest; after that you and we share alike. The sale of 10% of the land in building lots will refund the \$300,000 to the investors; the sale of the balance of the land will give us three millions of dollars as profits. You should get from 600% to 1,000% in profits. You will not get it all at once, but you will get some of it all the time until the last foot of ground is sold. The basis of your security is a valuation of \$6.66 per front foot, 200 feet deep. It is worth ten times that NOW. Any time you want your money you can have it and 6% interest. The subscription to this preferred stock is so nearly complete that we shall begin the work of grading and laying the water mains this week. You will put this opportunity off a day too long.

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THE STOCK MARKET

The bull manipulators displayed their fine Italian hand again in the past week. They worked overtime, aggressively, and in every quarter of the market. Their operations were facilitated by the reports of a dissolution of the fifty-million-dollar protective syndicate, and of various perfected and contemplated railroad deals. Everything, it seemed, conspired toward putting bull leaders on "easy street," and making it more facile for them to inveigle outsiders into the speculative maelstrom. Considerable stress was laid upon the easing off in the rates for time and call loans, and the improving financial situation in London and Paris. Leading financiers were evidently making a desperate effort to alleviate the anxieties of the various pools and to remove all obstacles in the process of liquidation that has been going on for more than a year and that was so suddenly and seriously interrupted last August.

The statement that the Pennsylvania-Baltimore & Ohio and Lake Shore interests had secured control of the Reading did not cause any special surprise in well-informed quarters. It had long been known that the Vanderbilts desired to enlarge their investments in anthracite coal stocks, and that they were working, hand in hand, with the Pennsylvania people, who have had representation on the Board of Directors of the New York Central for the last two years. Both interests are anxious to maintain harmony and peace; to insure a stability of rates, and to hasten the approach of the time when all the railroads east of the Mississippi River shall be under one central management.

Both the Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania people are interested in the Chesapeake & Ohio. Their holdings of stock of the latter company are of very respectable size and constantly added to. The Pennsylvania is now at work upon the construction of an underground line to Long Island, and also desirous of extending its system further north. Its future plans are such that the goodwill of the Vanderbilts is absolutely necessary to assure success, and it is, therefore, no wonder that bitter rivalry has

given way to decidedly peaceful relations. The Pennsylvania is contemplating extensive improvements, and, it seems, further large acquisitions. This is amply evidenced by the lately-announced plan of a doubling of the capital stock to \$40,000,000, or thereabouts.

To the surprise of many traders, Reading common has developed a markedly reactionary tendency ever since the cat was let out of the bag. The shares are, at this writing, about 8 points below their recent high level. The reaction must, of course, be attributed to profit taking and selling by people who do not think that a minority stock holds out much prospect for large profits. Minority stocks have never been in favor on the stock exchange, although there are some shrewd fellows who succeeded in gaining millions by purchasing shares of this kind, prominent among which, at this time, are Louisville & Nashville, Southern Pacific, Big Four, Chicago, St. Paul, M. & Omaha, Panhandle, Chesapeake & Ohio and Pacific Mail.

The sharp rise in Erie was ostensibly in sympathy with the movement in Reading, and on various rumors of vague, but alluring deals which involved the Rock Island, the Atchison and a few other prominent systems. The principal reason for the advance was, however, the desire of syndicate banks to raise the quotations for Erie shares and bonds, in anticipation of a new bond issue. There is a strong belief that some of the most astute operators are at the head of the Erie pool, and working night and day to make the shares look more attractive to the public. It is well known that there are certain people in New York and in Chicago who would be exceedingly glad to witness a rise in Erie common to about 45, or 50, as that would enable them to realize handsome profits on holdings accumulated ever since the time that the stock crossed 15. The Erie is a promising system of lines, but its capitalization is tremendous. If it were not for the latter flaw, the common would sell a good many points higher than what it is quoted at now. Mr. Morgan is diligently at work perfecting plans, which, it is said, aim at giving the Erie a large interest in his ship combine.

United States Steel shares have not risen as much as anticipated by interested parties. The common is still below 40, and the preferred has remarkable difficulty in reaching 90. This is very surprising. A safe 7 per cent stock, as the preferred is considered to be, should sell at 110, at least, and a common stock, on which 4 per cent is being paid, and behind which stands an enormous surplus, has no business selling below 60. What is the reason of the inability of these shares to gain the confidence and better support of would-be purchasers? It is this—the United States Steel Corporation depends on protective duties for two-thirds of its profits. This has been proved lately by expert investigation. A removal of these duties would quickly wipe out the dividends on the common and cut down the rate on the preferred to about 3 per cent per annum.

Far-seeing people are not disposed to

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assume much of a risk in the securities of corporations, the profits of which are conditioned, to a considerable extent, upon prevailing protective duties. Politics is a mighty uncertain factor. And at the present time, the people of the United States do not appear to be much in love with corporations which monopolize the necessities of daily life and "bleed" consumers in every possible way. There will be an end to affairs of this kind, some day. The present fuel situation cannot be expected to work up much enthusiasm over the benefits of protection.

The position of the Associated Banks is steadily improving. The surplus reserves now amount to more than \$14,000,000, and loans, in spite of the late upward movement, are still at their level of a few weeks ago. No adequate explanation of this anomaly has so far been offered. The impression is justified, however, that the banks do a good deal of juggling these days, to restore confidence and higher security values, and in this juggling process, the trust companies are presumed to play a very important rôle.

There is an abundance of loanable funds, and, as a result of it, sterling exchange is once more displaying marked firmness and an inclination to move up to the gold exporting point. The foreign exchange market bears close watching, especially in view of the probability of a stiffening of interest rates in London; where the Bank of England still refuses to reduce its official rate of discount, and continues to strengthen its hold upon the open money market. It is a curious situation in international finance, and one that deserves a great deal more attention than the Wall street fellow, who buys on general principles, or because somebody else is doing so, is willing to bestow upon it. Our international trade position will have to undergo a radical change for the better before we can hope to see a declining tendency in the rate for sterling exchange. Exports of corn and cotton, and of a few other staples, show improvement, but this is offset by a constant expansion in the volume of imports.

Wall street looks for still higher prices. It reports with the utmost satisfaction that "the public is in the market again." Continued "general prosperity" and better money conditions are assigned as grounds on which to look for a prolongation of the rise. If the powers that be really consider this the proper time to boost prices, and think they have made all necessary arrangements for another jolly affair, the cautious critic will refrain from indulging in any special comments, and simply let the brass band "strike up." But he will, at the same time, continue to advise his best friends to keep close to shore, to look to their margins, to be satisfied with small profits, and to take every report and rumor at a choice rate of discount.



LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been decided improvement in the local bond and stock market. Encouraged by the rising tendency in Wall street prices, the bull faction went to

work with a vim and succeeded in infusing a good deal of activity into transactions. Undoubtedly, dividend and interest disbursements have had something to do with the sudden revival of speculation. The capitalistic class does not care to let its money remain idle for any length of time. While prices are admittedly at a high level, in this market as well as elsewhere, the impression is still strong that a further advance would not be altogether unjustifiable.

After dropping below 80, United Railways preferred suddenly encountered a brisk demand, which lifted the price to 81¼. Transit rose at the same time from 27 to 29. The last quarterly statement of the Transit Company is regarded, in some quarters, as a strong bull card.

Mercantile Trust has advanced to 418; Lincoln Trust, to 260; Missouri Trust, to 127½; Germania Trust, to 228, and Mississippi Valley to 475. Boatmen's Bank stock is selling at 235. Merchants-Laclede is offered at 320½; State National, at 202, and Commerce at 391¼. For Third National, 348 is bid. Colonial is offered at 205½.

Laclede Gas common is selling at 84, and Missouri-Edison preferred at 46; the common at 18. Central Coal & Coke common is firm at 67½.

Money rates are steady at 6 per cent. Bankers report a return flow of funds from interior points. Sterling is firm at 487.

The annual report of the President of the St. Louis Stock Exchange shows that, in 1902, the total sales of shares amounted to 450,138, against 399,727, in the preceding year; the amount of bonds sold, during the respective periods, were

\$46,371,225.32, and \$35,399,716.57. The sales of bank shares, in 1902, amounted to \$11,398,323.25; of trust company shares, to \$23,401,536.56; of street railways, to \$6,619,352.35.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

O. F. Wentzville, Mo.—(1) Consider it a good investment; see no reason why you should sell it at present prices. (2) The bonds are somewhat speculative, but well held by strong interests.

"Simpson."—Union Pacific, common, sold above 130 in 1901, at the time of the "Northern Pacific corner." The surplus of the company is large, but it is not generally believed that the rate will be raised this spring.

J. S. S., Bloomington, Ill.—Would take profits on stock mentioned, with view to buying back on concessions. You should be in better touch with the New York market, however, to be able to scalp successfully. Think well of Lake Erie & W., common, as an investment for a "long pull." Bear in mind, however, that it is in the habit of undergoing violent fluctuations.

R. J., Charleston, Ill.—Illinois Central is regarded as a safe 6 per cent investment stock. Would hold it for the present. Alton common is too erratic, and not particularly cheap.

F. D.—Don't see any reason why you should sell your Transit at such a material loss. The stock is likely to be at your point after a while, or, at least, close to it.

B. G.—(1) Concern in good standing. Bear in mind, however, that the business is highly speculative. (2) Recommend caution.



A neat monogram on your stationery gives individuality to correspondence. No charge for one or two-letter monogram, except for stamping, which ranges in price from 10 cents per quire upwards. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. SAN ANTONIO



HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS

AND POINTS IN MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS COMPANY'S AGENTS OR

H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., ST. LOUIS.



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ART CALENDAR

Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"

to own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents, with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, 328 Monadnock Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA.

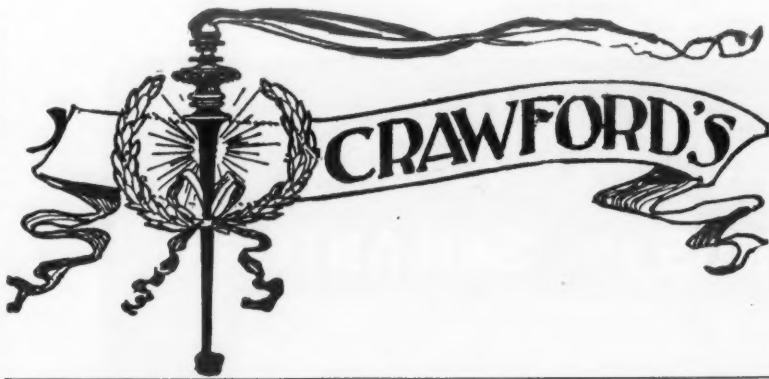
OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

WM KRANKE

513 PINE ST.

ST. LOUIS

LOAN OFFICE.



We are still clipping off the percentages of profit and cost on our Winter Stock in order to a Speedy and Thorough Clearing Out of the same!!

Prices Lower Than Ever.

Sheet Music Clearance Sale Bargains

VOCAL.		
He's Only a Child of Nature.....	Memory's Pictures.....	
Nothin' But a Coon.....	Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes.....	
Home Aint Nothin' Like This.....	When the Birds Go North Again.....	
If I But Knew.....	Under the Bamboo Tree.....	
In the Sweet Bye and Bye.....	In the Good, Old-Fashioned Way.....	
I'M Wearing My Heart Away for You.....		
INSTRUMENTAL.		
Hiawatha—a Summer Idyl.....	When Knighthood was in Flower—waltz.....	
Lazarre Waltzes.....	'Neath Southern Skies—march, two-step.....	
Iris Waltz.....	Blaze Away—march, two-step.....	
Alagazam.....	Castle Square Waltzes.....	
Echoes From Old Kentucky—march, two-step.....		

Were

23c

now

18c

Books.

Continuation of our Great Book Clearance Sale at giving-away prices.		Were.	Now.
Encyclopedia of Wit and Wisdom, 8vo., cloth.....		\$1.25	.90
New Biographical Dictionary, 8vo., cloth.....		1.25	.89
The Works of Josephus, 8vo., cloth.....		1.25	.89
Encyclopedia of Quotations, 8vo., cloth.....		1.25	.89
Memorial Life of McKinley, 4vo., cloth.....		.68	.39
The Eternal City, by Hall Caine, pop. edition.....		.75	.49
Photographs of the Columbian Exposition.....		2.50	.68
World's Fair Souvenir Postal Cards, 12 subjects, set.....			.18
The Rand-McNally Imperial Atlas of the World—New Official Census.....		1.50	1.13
School Dictionaries.....		.25	.15
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, sheep binding.....		1.75	1.38
Drake's Hand Books, paper covers.....		.25	.13
Chas. Garvice's pop. novels, paper.....		.25	.13

Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Portieres, Panel Screens, Bed Sets, Bed Rolls, Denims, Cretonnes, Etc., Etc.

100 pairs Irish Point and Brussels Lace Curtains, 2 to 5 pairs of a pattern, to close out all odd lots—	Were.....	\$3.75	\$5.00	\$6.75	\$8.50
Now, pair.....	\$2.50	\$3.75	\$5.00	\$5.95	
150 pairs Ruffled Swiss Curtains, in odd lots of 1 to 5 pairs, to close out; were 85c to \$1.35, now, pair.....				50c	
15 dozen Lace Lambrequins; were 35c to 45c, now each.....				19c	
175 pairs Tapestry portieres, fringe top and bottom; were \$2.50, now, pair....			\$1.65		
Nottingham Lace Bed Sets, Shams to match; were \$1.45, now, set.....			85c		
Bed Rolls, in all colors for all size beds, were \$1.25, now.....			69c		
Three-Panel Screens, silkoline filling, 5 feet high; were \$1.00, now.....			65c		
500 yards Silkoline Cretonnes, Denims and Curtain Swiss, in remnants of 1 to 5 yards; were 10c to 20c, now, yard.....			5c		

Millinery.

SECOND FLOOR.

Biggest Reductions Ever Known in Trimmed Hats! Positively We Are Simply Giving Them Away!!

You can not afford to miss out this time. Great surprises await your inspection on the different tables.

6 dozen Hats in velvet, cloth and silk trimmed, in fancy feathers, ribbon and ornaments, that were \$4, \$5 and \$7, now sell for.....	98c
5 dozen Hats in felt, oxford and velvet trimmed, in wings, pompons and birds, that were \$3, \$4 and \$5, now sell for.....	75c
10 dozen Ready-to-Wear Hats, neat and stylish, that were \$2, \$3 and \$4, now sell for.....	50c

See Our Table of 25c Hats.

They are quick sellers. Come early and save money.

Waists, Suits, Skirts and Cloaks

Kersey Cloth Blouse Jackets, fully tailored, in castor and black, were \$15 to \$13.50, now.....	7.50
A beautiful line of new Blouse Jackets, with Peplum and fancy cuffs, the very latest designs in fine Kersey Broadcloths, in brown, hunter's green, tan and navy blue, handsomely trimmed with velvet, silk braid and crow foot stitching; must be seen to be appreciated; were \$22.50 to \$18.50, now.....	\$11.50
Tailor-Made Suits, in all colors and materials; were \$15.00 to \$12.50, now.....	\$6.75
Melton Cloth and Knickerbocker Walking Skirts were \$8.50 to \$6.50, now..	\$ 3.25
Our handsome Tailor-Made Dress Suits, in all shades of zibelines, venetians, serges and broadcloth, were \$47.50 to \$42.50; our special now.....	\$27.50
NO CHARGE FOR ALTERATIONS.	

Muslin Underwear.

Women's Muslin Skirts, umbrella ruffle, trimmed with deep edge of embroidery; were \$1.00, now.....	75c
Women's Cambric Skirts, deep linen flounce, trimmed with lace insertion and edge and cambric foot ruffles; were \$1.35, now.....	89c
Women's Gowns, Hubbard yoke, trimmed with lace insertion and lace edge and neck and sleeves; were 75c, now.....	50c
Women's Drawers, umbrella ruffle, edged with torchon lace; were 45c, now.....	25c
Women's Cambric Drawers, finished with linen ruffles; were 35c, now.....	19c

La Vida Corsets.

Greater reductions than ever to make room for new Spring Corsets now en route.

P. D. Corsets in handsome silk brocades; were \$6.75 and \$7.50, for.....	\$2.50
Broken assortments of Bon-Ton Corsets in fancy brocades; were \$3.50, now..	\$1.75
Broken assortments of W. B. R. & G. and W. C. C. Corsets, worth up to \$2.50, for.....	98c
Ferris Waists in broken assortments; were 50c, now.....	10c
Sample La Vida Corsets, in real whalebone, to close as follows:	
\$10.00 Sample La Vida now.....	\$5.00
\$ 7.50 Sample La Vida now.....	\$3.75
\$ 5.00 Sample La Vida now.....	\$2.50
\$3.50 Sample La Vida now.....	\$1.75

Stolen or Strayed.

Five cases Hamburg Edgings and Insertions. It looks as if the former might have been the happening, each case containing 13,350 yards. At the prices we will offer them this week it does not really look as if nothing had ever been paid for the goods. These beautiful embroideries will be on sale at

2½c, 5c, 7½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c
A YARD.

If every yard at above prices is not worth more than twice the price asked for it we will charge you nothing for the goods!!

Don't all come at once, as we could not wait upon you!!

Furniture Department.

Third Floor.

Golden Oak finish Saddle Seat Rocker, just 100 of them; were \$2.00, now....	\$1.39
BOX COUCHES, in pretty art denims, well and strongly made; were \$6.50, now.....	\$4.50
DINING TABLES—Solid oak, extend to 6 feet, casters and leaves complete; were \$6.75, now.....	\$5.00
SIDEBOARDS—Solid golden oak, with beveled French plate mirrors; were 18.50, now.....	\$15.00
MEDICINE CABINETS—Hardwood, with mirror doors; were \$1.00, now..	79c

D. CRAWFORD & CO., Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

A Great and Successful Racing Corporation

E. J. ARNOLD & CO.,

BENOIST BUILDING, - - - - ST. LOUIS,

Up to a few years ago, horse racing for money was looked upon as purely a pastime of sports. No one dreamed that the time would come when the betting of money on horse races and the operation of a racing stable could be converted into one of the greatest factors in the investment field. That is just what the great firm of E. J. ARNOLD & CO. has done.

Four years' trial have proved their plans wonderfully successful. Arnold & Co. can actually earn for you a weekly dividend on your investment. For instance:

\$50 Earns \$52 a year.

\$100 earns \$104 a year.

\$200 earns \$208 a year.

\$500 earns \$520 a year.

\$1,000 earns \$1,040 a year.

\$2,000 earns \$2,080 a year.

\$5,000 earns \$5,200 a year.

And, furthermore, they can do it safely.

The United States authorities have thoroughly examined the business of Arnold & Co., and the result of their close scrutiny is that the business of the company meets the Federal laws as fully as any other business enterprise, as much so as a bank or trust company or a great wholesale house.

One of the cardinal features of this firm is, that all moneys are on call at its clients' demand.

NOT IN ONE INSTANCE HAS A CLIENT
BEEN TURNED AWAY DISSATISFIED.

The racing stable of the Arnold Company is headed by Gold Heels, the champion thoroughbred of 1902. Gold Heels captured both the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps and was the leading breadwinner of the McLewee stable. Gold Heels and his stable companion, Major Daingerfield, won over \$75,000 on the Metropolitan tracks last season. Mr. Arnold paid a big price for Gold Heels, and will use the magnificent son of The Bard and Heel and Toe in the stud should he fail to race next year. Gold Heels is now at the Arnold farm near Greenville, Ill., where he will be turned out until next spring. Dr. W. H. Rexford, the eminent veterinarian, who came all the way from New Orleans to "fire" the great horse, is positive that Gold Heels will stand training again next season, and prove fully as useful a performer as he was this year. Besides Gold Heels, the Arnold firm owns Fitzbrillar, the crack son of Fitzjames—Brillar, admittedly the best 2-year-old developed on the Western circuit this season. Fitzbrillar won a valuable juvenile stake the last time he started at Worth this fall from a field of the best 2-year-olds in training at Chicago. Other useful 2-year-olds in the Arnold stable are Fort Wayne, who showed such brilliant form at Delmar and the Fair Grounds this fall; Wolfram, a frequent winner at Delmar, and Ben Lear another regular winner at Delmar.

The Mirror

THE AMERICAN EGYPT

Gates' Tenth Annual Tours to **MEXICO**

Also to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and California.

Leaving Union Station, St. Louis, 2:30 p. m., Wednesday, February 18th,

VIA THE



This is an excellent chance to visit, at comparatively small expense, all principal points of interest in Mexico, as well as the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forests and the most famous Health and Pleasure Resorts of California.

Full information (including profusely illustrated descriptive matter) as to the expense, itinerary, etc., may be had upon application at

TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.



INDIAN TERRITORY

THE LAST LARGE TRACT OF FINE UNCULTIVATED LAND TO BE THROWN OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT

GET A COPY OF OUR BOOKLET ON THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN TERRITORY.

LOW RATE ONE WAY AND ROUND TRIP EXCURSIONS
on the First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month.

JAMES BARKER,
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